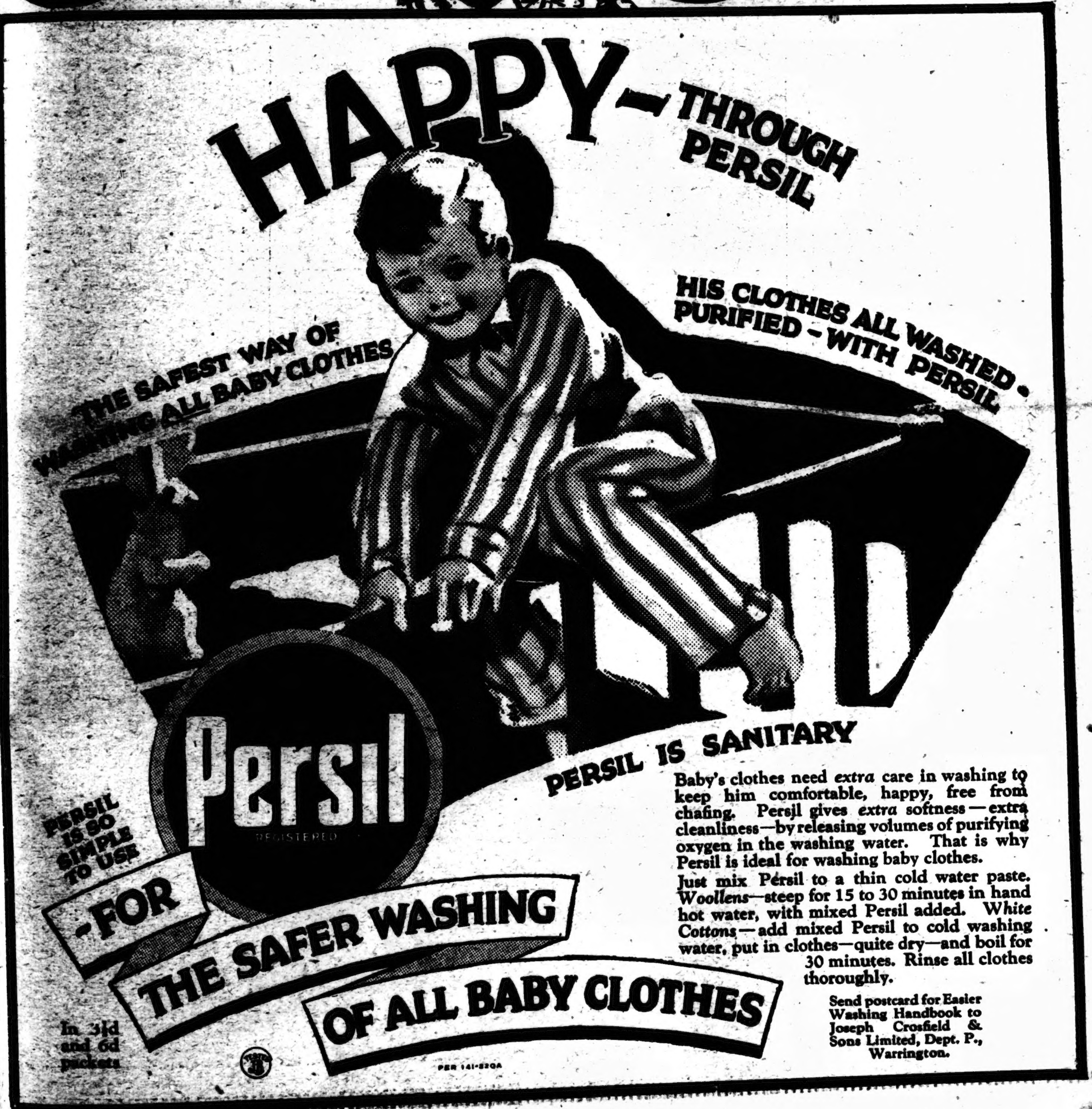
JOHN BULL, JUNE 30, 1928

Vol. XLIII. No. 1150.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE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HIS CLOTHES ALL WASHED—PURIFIED—WITH PERSIL
THE SAFEST WAY OF WASHING ALL BABY CLOTHES
Persil
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PERSIL IS SO SIMPLE TO USE
—FOR THE SAFER WASHING OF ALL BABY CLOTHES
PERSIL IS SANITARY
PER 141-820A

Baby's clothes need *extra* care in washing to keep him comfortable, happy, free from chafing. Persil gives *extra* softness—extra cleanliness—by releasing volumes of purifying oxygen in the washing water. That is why Persil is ideal for washing baby clothes.

Just mix Persil to a thin cold water paste. *Woollens*—steep for 15 to 30 minutes in hand hot water, with mixed Persil added. *White Cottons*—add mixed Persil to cold washing water, put in clothes—quite dry—and boil for 30 minutes. Rinse all clothes thoroughly.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

Reader's Name in full .... (CAPITAL LETTERS.) Age ....
Address ....
....
Reader's Signature ....
Name and Address of Newsagent ....
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Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B. 30.6.28.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

To (Name of Newsagent) ....
Address ....
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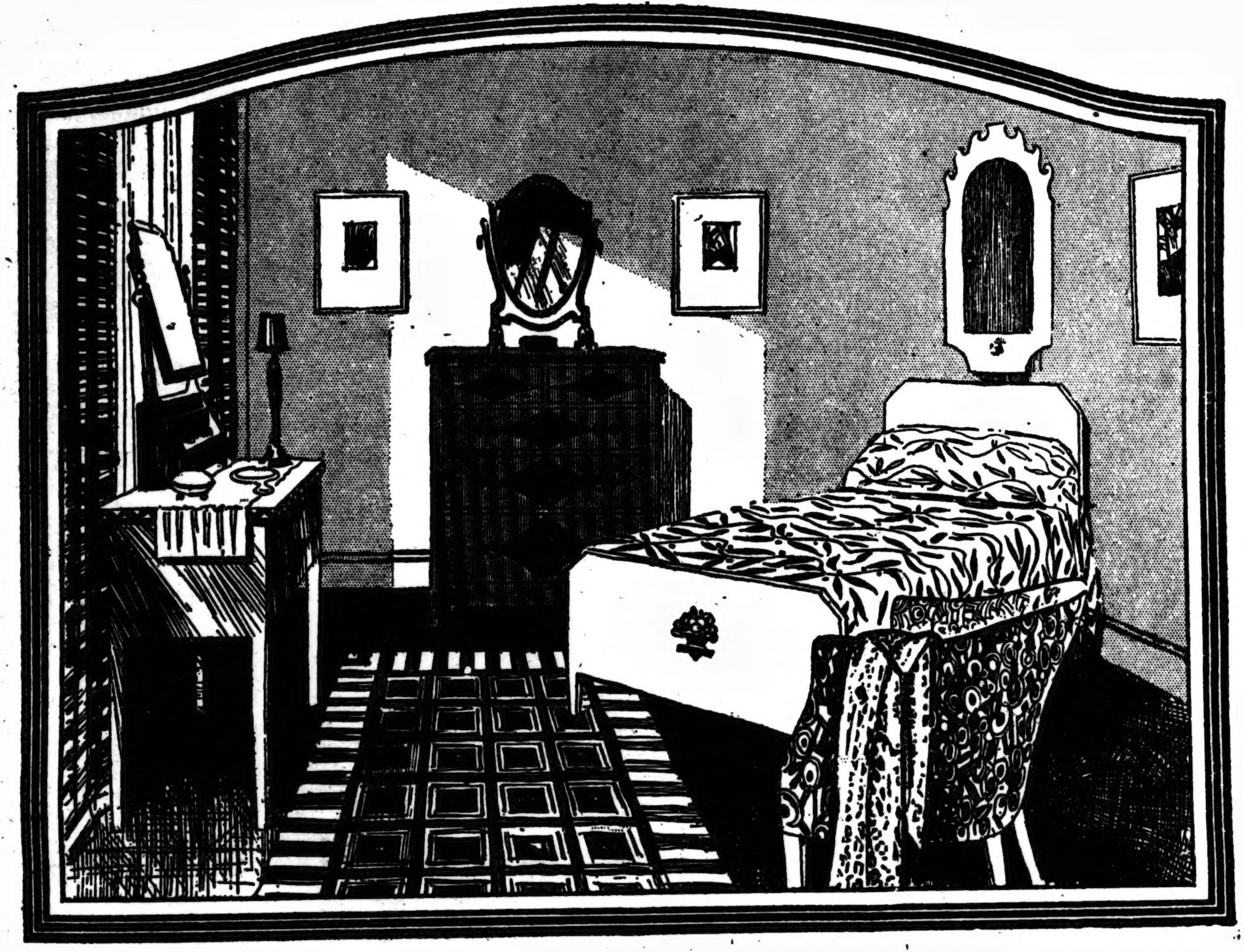
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature ....
Address ....
Date ....

J.L. 30/6/28.

"John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 38.



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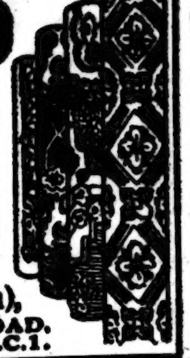

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90 sq. ft. for 13/9

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SMART SHOES 1/-

Ladies. Guaranteed natural leather: 1. Bar, Punched Collar, smart toe, military heel. Sizes 2 to 7.

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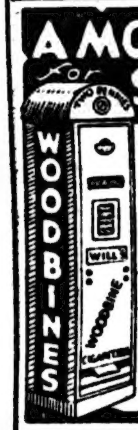

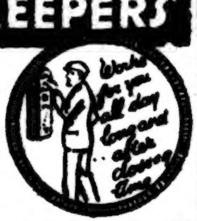

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2 SHIRTS 4/6
Half Cost of Material alone.

To advertise our 20 page catalogue of over 200 Govt. bargains we are making a special offer to readers of this paper of 2 guaranteed shirts for the advertising price of 4/6, post 6d. This is less than half the price that you could purchase the material alone.

In fancy stripes of strong flannelette, full cut, gusseted and double yoke and made for strong hard service.

Remember, cash refunded if you do not consider these shirts honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating size of neck band, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

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POSTAGE 6d. extra

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Send waist and inside leg measurements. Over 40 in. waist 1/- extra.

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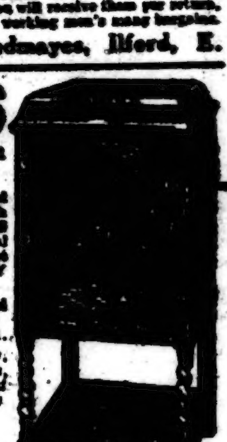

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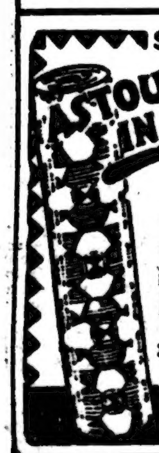
Buying Agents wanted.



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THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 90 sq. ft. for 15/-. Larger lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

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and be dissatisfied. Get them on Credit (no extra charge) from us. We have to give you good quality, otherwise you would not continue to pay us.

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(Continued from page 39.)

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A. Bentley, 65, Clarence Gdns., Regents Park, N.W.
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J. Byrne, 11, Malcolm St., Parkhead, Glasgow.
A. F. Campbell, 21, [illegible] Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.
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Mrs. E. Cory, 47, Westbourne Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.
W. H. Davies, 107, [illegible] Rd., Portsmouth.
J. Dean, 3, Brook Terrace, Littleham, Exmouth.
S. Edwards, 1, [illegible] Rd., Llandudno.
P. Ennis, 5, Main St., Baldoyle, Dublin.
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G. Jones, 13, [illegible] Rd., East Dulwich, S.E.
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F. Tretheway, Fore St., Constantine, Falmouth.
G. S. [illegible], 5, St. Cross Rd., Winchester.
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H. W. Watts, 44, Nightingale Rd., Clapton, E.
J. N. Wellard, 19, Preston Rd., Southport.
A. Wilkinson, 32, Bowley Rd., Stoneycroft, L'pool.
Mrs. E. Williams, 11, Lr. Camden Place, Bath.
J. W. Wood, 12, Paston Pl., Brighton.
Mrs. N. Woodvine, 49, Sandbach St., Crewe, Ches.
Mrs. Wray, "Seacroft," St. Peter's Rd., Newton, Glam.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. [illegible] have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

A Complete List of 1,000 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

The original Cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" [illegible] will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Lucas, 112, Peasley Cross Lane, St. Helens.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. [illegible].

THE CHEAPEST
BEFORE PARLIAMENT
ACCOUNTS FOR EVERYTHING
PAUL PRY
VOLUNTARILY
NOT ALWAYS
TOO MANY HUSBANDS
THE SPEAKER
IMPUDENCE
STICKING IT

VEIL OF SECRECY
THANKS TO VORONOFF
IDEAL HOLIDAY
DRUDGERY
FASHIONABLE WEDDING
ALL ALIKE
WITHERING
PINNACLE OF FAME
WHEN WE'RE ALL DEAD
IS FLYING DANGEROUS?

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

A.B.C. Guide to the Drapery and Remnant Trade Free. (The Original.) Published first in 1903, full of valuable hints and information how to make money selling Hosiery, Linens, Fents, Readymades, etc. We are the largest, oldest, cheapest and best firm in our line. Come and see us. There's a reason. You will then know who to deal with. Write to-day for the Genuine Guide and Catalogue Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME.

By selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List Free.—Clegg, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc (Wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. H., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

200 LINES in money-making bargains. Fents, Hosiery, Overalls, etc. No rubbish. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for new price list.—Southwell, Halifax Road, Todmorden.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 WEEKLY and Bonus. Run Boots and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay.—Grove Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

BE A SPARE-TIME AGENT and increase your income. Reliable working men wanted by Established Credit Drapery, Footwear and General Merchants. High rate of commission. Liberally supported with samples. No expense. No risk. Ideal Agency for energetic men.—Write Dept. 51, J. E. York, Ltd., 53a, Bayham Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

AGENCY.—Add to your earnings by representing in spare time old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc.; cash and credit; any man in regular work can apply; good commission; liberal supply samples; splendid catalogue, no outlay whatever.—Dept. J. [illegible], Bright Street, Leicester.

XMAS CHOC. & CIG. CLUBS. Agents wanted, Spare time. Best known makes only. 10/- in £ comm. No outlay. Partics. free.—Lovell's Popular Club, 151-133, Newington Causeway, Ldn., S.E.

A BETTER SPARE TIME AGENCY: Higher Commission, Superior Goods, Easier Terms. Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc. Men in work should apply now to SHARMANS, St. Albans.

CHOCOLATE CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Good cash commission. Best makes only. 101 Varieties including two lines of Silk Stockings. Write for illustrated catalogue and full particulars to:—Lodge, Dpt. 4, Kirkgate Chambers, Huddersfield.

10/6 IN THE £ Cash Commission. Xmas, Variety Clubs. Astounding Terms. Gold Watches Given. Agents Wanted. — DENNIS & CO. (Dept. J.), COLNE.

EARN 50/- WEEKLY.—Start a Blanket Club amongst friends.—Greenhalgh Liversedge, 511, Blackmoorfoot Road, D141, Huddersfield.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED to start Clubs in Offices, Shops, Workrooms. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, etc. FREE GIFT every Agent. Big Cash commission. Beautiful catalogue free. —F. J. Tate, 169, Briggate, Leeds.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you by post in your spare time? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day. —The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 193, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your Work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road., Ldn.

WANTED for Canadian Farms immediately, 100 boys, 14 to 17. With or without farm experience. Free passage. Good home and work guaranteed.—Write or call O/S Dept., Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

MEN.—A few men will be accepted to train for employment as trade and private drivers. Small fee. Licensed L.C.C.—MOTOR DRIVERS' UNION, 39, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

EX-SERVICE men urgently direc'd to be coached as motor-driver-mech. Good refs. essential. Small fee, payable by arrangement.—Apply, Automobile Institutes, Ltd., 76, Strand, W.C.2

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.

AUSTRALIA.—150 Boys wanted to sail on White Star s.s. "Vedic," 6th October, Salvation Army auspices. Enter for preliminary farm training in this country during August. Outfits provided. Assisted passages.

ALSO 150 Young Women wanted for domestic service. Free passages. Work guaranteed. Write or call, Branch Manager (3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10, Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and List H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

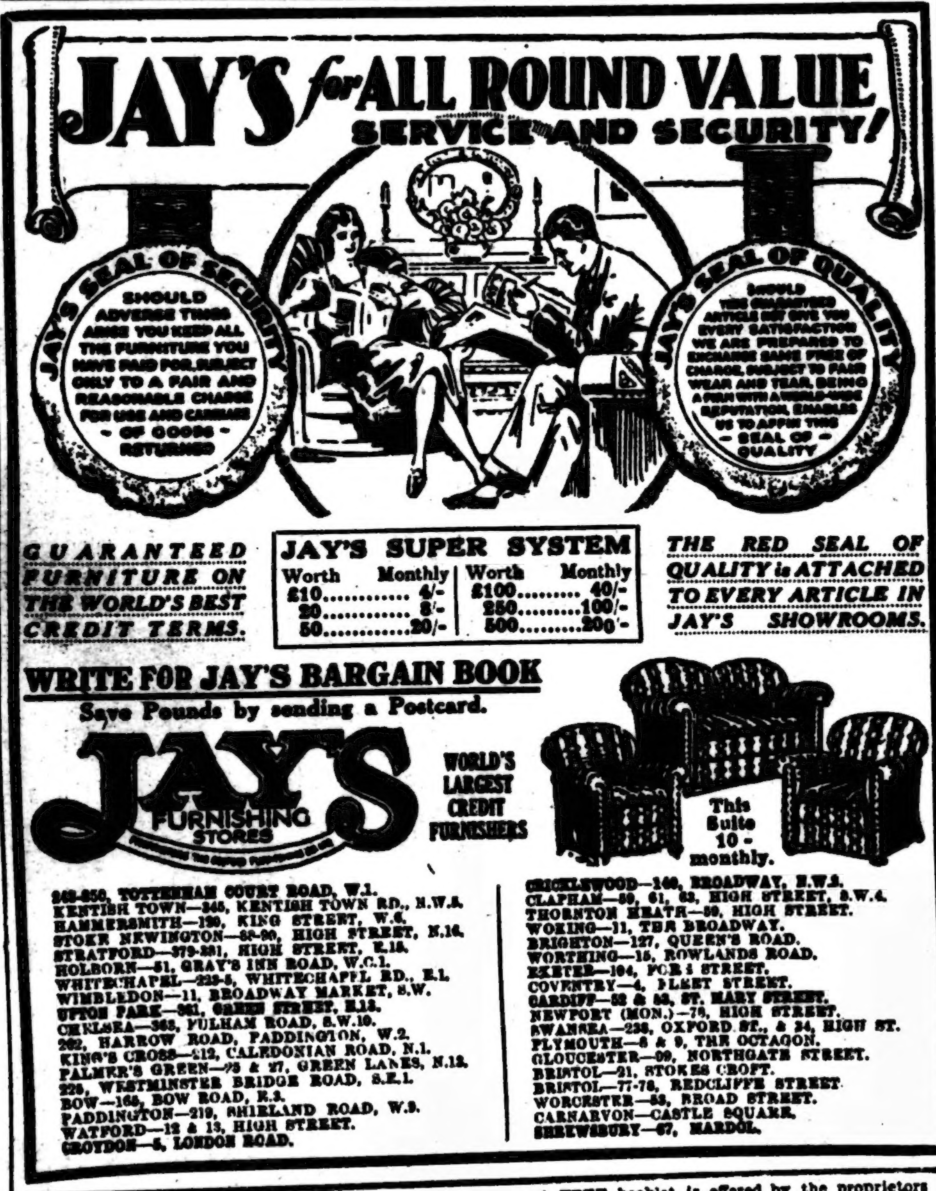
CHEAP Printing. Billheads 2/6 1,000. Cards, Memos, Handbills, equally cheap. Samples free. Pearson's (Dpt. J.B.), Church Rd., Portsmouth.

CALICO, strong, 42 inches wide, 8d. per yard. Six yards post free, C.O.D.—Crowther and Lord, Tower Street, Bacup, Lancs.

CYCLISTS—GET IT—FREE! Fitzpatrick's Monster Sale Budget of absolutely unbeatable Bargains. Comprises a huge colour-printed Art Brochure of world-renowned "Captain" Cycles. Prices from £3 19/6 or 1/9 weekly. Large illustrated list of staggering clearance offers and most comprehensive pocket catalogue of Accessories ever published—Cord Tyres 2/6, Air Tubes with valve 6½d., and hundreds more amazing money-savers. ABSOLUTELY FREE for postcard. Write "Catalogue, Please," to H. FITZPATRICK (Dept. 52), Junction Mill, Burnley.

CHINA for Households, Badged Ware, Churches, Clubs, Cafes, Bazaar crates. Cat. free.—Vincent Pottery, Dept. 16, Burslem, Staffs.

WHY BUY AN EXPENSIVE TROUSER PRESS when for 1/- you can obtain the new Patent Crease Retainer which will always give your trousers that "straight-from-the-tailor" look. An advertisement of this clever invention appears in the "Mail Order Market" on page 4.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CHELSEA—368, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.10.
262, HARROW ROAD, PADDINGTON, W.2.
KING'S CROSS—212, CALEDONIAN ROAD, N.1.
PALMER'S GREEN—25 & 27, GREEN LANES, N.13.
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CRICKLEWOOD—140, BROADWAY, N.W.2.
CLAPHAM—59, 61, 63, HIGH STREET, S.W.4.
THORNTON HEATH—59, HIGH STREET.
WOKING—11, THE BROADWAY.
BRIGHTON—127, QUEEN'S ROAD.
WORTHING—15, ROWLANDS ROAD.
EXETER—104, FORE STREET.
COVENTRY—4, FLEET STREET.
CARDIFF—52 & 53, ST. MARY STREET.
NEWPORT (MON.)—75, HIGH STREET.
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PLYMOUTH—8 & 9, THE OCTAGON.
GLOUCESTER—99, NORTHGATE STREET.
BRISTOL—21, STOKES CROFT.
BRISTOL—77-78, REDCLIFFE STREET.
WORCESTER—53, BROAD STREET.
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BARGAIN SALES.

MARVELLOUS BARGAINS!—Thousands of them in this Thursday's "EXCHANGE & MART." You'll enjoy looking through this astounding collection of private offers—and what it will save you! The "EXCHANGE AND MART," 3d. at newsagents. 4d. post paid from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Cafes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants Cat. free. Satis. guarntd.—Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

KNITT. WOOLS, Hand or Machine, 1½d. oz. 600 smpls. Mftrs. Prices. Post free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS.—"Eclipse" 1928 designs, book of 175 patts. from 2½d. roll, free on application.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Rd., Leeds.

CHEAP CHINA.—Beginners, etc., Asstd. lots Seconds Cups, Plates, Bowls, etc., £1, £2, £5. Glassware assortments from 10s. Lists free.—Bridge Street Pottery, Burslem, Staffs

GETTING MARRIED?

SEND for free illustrated catalogue, and be entranced by the beauty and variety of our Wedding Gowns. We are the actual makers and fashion leaders. Famous for low prices.—Write to-day. The "Brilliant," 16, Smallbrook Street, Birmingham.

A FREE booklet is offered by the proprietors of "232" Flannels, giving details of the £12,000 competition. Simply send the coupon on page 33. Be sure to address it to Dept. B.J.30, 36, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

SMART Shoes (Ladies' or Gent's) for 1/- down and small balance by easy instalments. This genuine offer to *John Bull* readers is made by (F) Hand and Co., whose advt. appears on page 4.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middleman's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb., 6/6, 10 lb., 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6 Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 2/- for pcl. appro. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth

BABY'S Ideal Layette, 30/-; 55 Superfine pieces; Lawn Gowns, Robes, Flans., Shawls, Vests, Naps. Send 2/- for prcl. Appro anywhere. —Mrs. B. Barker, 31a, Brougham Rd., Southsea.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d.—How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

ACCORDIANS, Concertinas, Phonofiddles, Banjolins, Mandolins, Violins, Autoharps, Ukeleles, Banjuleles, Gramos., Banjos., Jazz.—Vickers, Royal Hill, S.E.10.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

SWEDISH MASSAGE. Get a certificate as a trained masseur. We offer you free extracts from our lessons, which will show you the easy and novel methods by which we can train you by post. Low fees by instalments. Write at once. —Principal, 47, Smae Institute, Clarendon Road, Portsmouth.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

BIG MONEY FROM CANARY BREEDING! "CAGE BIRDS" shows the way and gives you free advice at all times! 2d. every Friday at newsagents. 3d. post paid from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE STOMACH Trouble, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Energot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387 B), Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, kidney troubles, etc., quickly cured by PARKER'S fluid REMEDY. Adults or children, operations avoided. 3/- bot. Boots', Taylor's, etc., or post free Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 4d stamps.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the Skin to purity and comfort. 3/-, at Boots', Taylor's and all Chemists.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Henry Rivers (J.B. 44), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

PILES. Why Suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery. Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

TYRES & ACCESSORIES. Wkly. payments. All makes, Brand New Tyres, Accessories or Spares. Deposits from 5/-. No enquiries. Below.

GOOD reliable Tyres, soiled or slightly used. All sizes. 700 x 80 to 935 x 135, £1 each. Carriage paid. Approval against cash.—London Car Co., 52, Theobald's Road, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "PASSIONATE OCCASIONAL." A holiday warning by T. Bowen Partington, in this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. at your newsagents. 4d. post paid from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

TRIMNELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-page book about herbs & how to use them, 2d. post free.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

GO TO THE DOGS AT HOME!

THE ideal indoor card-racing game "SPEEDIHOUND"—all the thrills of the track at home. Send 2/- to Department (A.), Starson Co., 70, Basinghall Street, E.C.2.

"BOXING, RACING AND FOOTBALL"—the Punter's Pal! Tells you how to "beat the book." 2d. To-day at newsagents. 3d. by post from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

FREE.—£200 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese or label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Wednesday, July 11th, 1928. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

FREE.—A sample of COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM is offered on page 29. Simply cut out the coupon and be sure to write clearly your name and full postal address, and mark your application Dept. 29.

FREE.—The No. 24 "Ensign Guide to Photography." Write for a copy post free to the address in the ENSIGN advt. on page 35.

CHAS. LEWIN CURTIS, F.R.H.S., seedsman to H.M. King George V., offers a free catalogue in his advt. which appears on page 36.

BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL.

and let *John Bull's* Mail Order Expert help you to make it a success. Problems relating to every phase of mail order selling are answered without obligation. There is no charge; no question is too much trouble. Apply on Business letter-heading only, give brief summary of your proposition or state class of trade and lines available, to IDEAS AND SALES DEVELOPMENT DEPT (Room R.7), *John Bull*, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enquiries are only solicited from *established* shopkeepers, etc.

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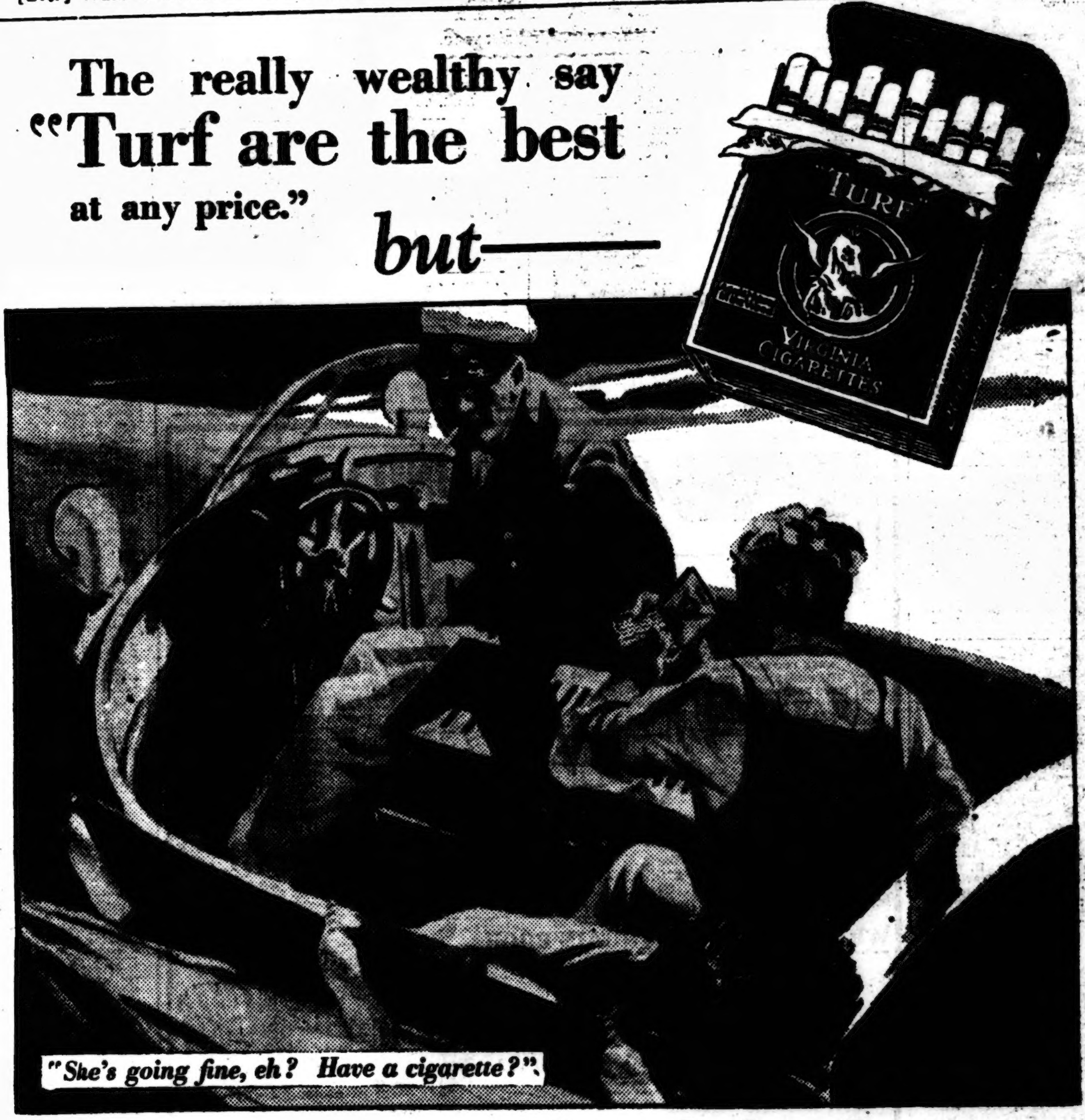

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Week ending Saturday,
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Vol. XLIII. No. 1150.
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JOHN BULL

For the People—the
Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which
the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Up North.
Mr. Baldwin by virtue of his office draws big crowds to hear him, whose courtesy gives him careful attention. How Edinburgh was *really* impressed will be seen at the election.

The Thin End.
Mr. Chamberlain announces the Government policy as " cautious, patient, and slow " to avoid alarming the country! Could anything be plainer or—more sinister?

Mischief Brewing.
Already a tussle has started among Ministers and in the Party machine over next year's General Election programme. It is the Tariff fanatics who are making the trouble.

Telling 'Em.
An amusing note is creeping into Cabinet Ministers' public utterances. With disarming impudence they assume " duties on everything " to be the will of their constituencies. A rude awakening is in preparation!

Breaking Faith.
If a full-blooded Protectionist programme were the will of the country criticism might be invidious. But Mr. Baldwin went to power on very different issues, and electors haven't forgotten it.

Stamp on the Ramp.
In the long run—and often in the short run—tariffs ruin trade. But they do enable some people to put more money in their pockets without working for it. So look out for another attempt to gull the electors!

So Cunning!
The Protectionist smash in the 1923 election is an awful warning to Ministers. But it does not silence the cheap-jacks. " Give the thing another name," they say; " call it Safeguarding of Industries or Empire Preference."

They Smell It!
To the quack-medicine vendors who think the British electorate are " boobs " we merely observe: " It's not only the rose that by any other name would smell the same; it is just as true of stinkweed."

Worse and Worse.
The Premier's admission that the rate-relief scheme will " help some industries which do not need it " is staggering. This is flaunting wealth in the face of want with a vengeance!

In Round Figures.
Mr. Scurr's definition, supported by the Liberals, that all areas are necessitous where unemployment reaches 10 per cent. is ours. They show poverty, like a blight, reaching unemployed and employed alike.

The Clash.
Mr. Chamberlain's quibble that it is " perfectly impossible " to define " necessitous areas " is absurd. If he follows his nose in any mining area definition will leap at him.

Blood-Suckers.
The lifeblood of trade is efficient manufacture and skilful selling. The men who make and sell the goods are often at the mercy of juggling financiers.

The Money Jugglers.
Some of our biggest industries are too much in the hands of men whose notion of " trade " is just manipulating money from one pocket into another.

Information.
Military experts say that a mechanised army of 60,000 men with 3,000 tanks will suffice to decide the " next war." We say that only those with mechanised brains are able to conceive of there being a " next war."

" If."
The folly of all war prophecies was proved by the last. If the peoples blunder into another, the deciding factor will be which can commit most wholesale murder first.

The New Path.
With hundreds unable to gain admission, the Town Hall at Portmadoc was packed for two hours with a crowd enthusiastic for No More War. The Rev. Nyfyn Williams in choosing his theme read aright the signs of the times.

Wake Up!
The material for four of every five loaves eaten in Britain come from abroad. The fact gives point to the Council of Agriculture's suggestion. A Government Wheats Import Board must certainly be set up.

The Ramp.
Bread prices hopping up and down many times in one fortnight show how consumers are exploited. The Wheat Import Board would buy within the Empire as largely as possible and protect the people from gambling exploiters.

Blackburn's Best.
Blackburn raised £100,000 for a war memorial taking the form of a new wing to the Royal Infirmary opened free from debt. It honours the dead in the one way they would approve.

Resolution.
In dedication Blackburn resolved that the memorial shall " brace them to make every effort to prevent the possibility of war in the future and to bring peace and good will among nations." The northern mill-town will do it too!

Real Safeguarding.
Mr. C. G. Ammon's Bill to make the provision of line-throwing apparatus on ships compulsory must become law. Seamen's lives are not safe with every owner. That is scandalously beyond doubt.

* * *

LONG SUMMER DAYS

Make them end in L. S. D. by winning one of the big "Bullets" Holiday Prizes on page 39.

The Cat Out.
" Scores of wrecks never made public happen every year," declares Mr. Ammon. We believe him. If the public knew the truth it would be appalled.

Hopeful.
The International Conference at Paris on the question of safety at sea deserves everyone's interest. Island dwellers, such as we are, least of all can afford to ignore it.

Wanted!
Danger and sudden death as a commonplace of life put too big a check on achievement to be tolerated. What is really wanted now is a Ministry of Public Safety.

No Limpets.
A thorough revision of Whitehall would reveal enough " left-overs " to set it up. If rubbish were scrapped, a new Ministry meeting modern needs could be established without expense.

Creaking Wheels.
When times change, machinery should be altered to fit. At present Parliament makes no better progress than a farmer who rejects all science in favour of scratching up ground with a flint.

Roundabouts.
Margate's flying-boat tragedy is a strong hint to the Home Office. There's terrible slackness somewhere when contraptions carrying such horrible risks can be set up without adequate inspection.

Princely Gift.
Unable to raise the purchase-price of a needed house, the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, found it presented by Mr. Arthur Bell, of Camden Road, who had once been a patient. Such a good deed brings its own reward.

Famine.
Without water for days, and their children crying with thirst, Sidbury villagers had to petition the council for a water-supply. The apathy of the Ministry of Health in face of such dangerous conditions is astonishing.

Unjust Scales.
Lord Darling's Bill to amend the infanticide law is good, but too limited. Illegitimate birth is still heavily weighted against the mother. That's what makes trouble.

Futility.
Although the Street Offences Committee has held twenty sittings and examined fifty-eight witnesses, its first report is not awaited with much eagerness. Thinking people still believe it was wrongly constituted.

Buzz, Buzz.
Even the members themselves regard the evidence as unsatisfactory and a hornets' nest for controversy. If we had selected the committee the case would have been different!

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Dangerous Dye.

For festering sores on her neck caused by wearing a dyed fur collar, Mrs. Ellen Trehearn, of Liverpool, was awarded £75 damages and costs. The penalty is none too stiff. It is time the use of dermatitis-causing dyes was legally taboo.

Now He Knows.

Not to know why he did it was a very poor excuse of Alfred Parry, of Gwespyr, for taking accessories from a motor-cycle left at the roadside. Bound over for twelve months, with £3 12s. to pay in costs, he has now the most excellent reason for remaining honest.

Cancer Campaign.

British medical authorities are to be congratulated on having arranged a conference of world specialists, who will discuss every aspect of the terrible cancer scourge. Time was when research was sadly neglected in this country, and it is good to know that of late years we no longer follow but lead.

Queer Economy.

The Greenwich Guardians have questioned the outlay of £32 on a dining-room carpet for the hospital matron, part of a furnishing account amounting to £106 3s. It is nearly time that reasonable comfort and extravagant expenditure ceased to be synonymous terms in the minds of those who spend public money.

Callous and Cowardly.

At an inquest on a boy clerk of the R.A.F., killed in a collision with a car while pillion-riding, the West Middlesex coroner scathingly denounced the conduct of the driver who drove away after the accident. "Unsportsmanlike" and "reprehensible" were the applied adjectives. We consider him a callous and cowardly cur.

Silly Councillor.

The ridiculous statement at a street meeting that the police were only tools of the capitalists, employed to keep down the working classes, has rightly cost Thomas Thurlbeck, a Communist town councillor, fourteen days' imprisonment: We are well rid of prominent citizens who shout down a reputable public body they themselves would be hard put to do without.

What is Needed.

The sentence of two months passed on Frederick Devereux, a thirty-five-year-old labourer of Wokingham, for a savage attack on a servant girl of sixteen, is a scandalous travesty of justice. Is the health and honour of our young womanhood so slight a matter to the State? Every degenerate found guilty of assault with violence should be given a dose of penal servitude.

Work and Wasters.

The Bishop of Willesden thinks it a crime to send to the Dominions those who have been failures in England. We venture to tell his lordship that he is talking through his episcopal hat, since by far the larger proportion of the indigent have been beaten down by circumstances beyond their control. Were there an abundance of work there would be precious few wasters.

Timely Warning.

It was hardly fair of the man who is to marry Violet Pleasance, of Hull, to buy her a bicycle and worry her to help pay for it. Not that she is thereby excused from jewellery thefts, for which she is lucky not to be in prison. Let them both take advantage of her being bound over to make a fresh start. Married life is a wretched look-out if one partner is continually up against the law.

Music Hath Charms.

The worst thing Harold Ollerenshaw, of Sheffield, ever did was to pawn the instrument on which he played at dance-halls, then tramp the country and make friends with John Wilson, a desperado, with whom he stole. Let him give Wilson, well out of the way doing six months' hard labour, the go-by. Bound over on condition that he returns to his respectable home, we also advise him to stick to music as more profitable than law-breaking.

Wicked Carelessness.

An empty cable reel, 10 ft. in diameter, was left on a piece of waste land at Crewe, to which children had easy access. Little Reginald Kerr, aged eight, was rolling it along when he became wedged under it and was crushed to death. Who is responsible?

Morbid Methodism.

Speaking at the Primitive Methodist Conference at Southport, the Rev. W. E. Farndale condemned the Roman Catholic conception of the Sabbath—early Mass, sport and pleasure—as "bargain-making." What an impudent statement in a free country where everyone is permitted to hold and voice his own opinions!

Mad Motorists.

Seven men were fined £4 each for speeding at over forty miles an hour, by the Kingston magistrates. At Chapel-en-le-Frith, Joseph A. Yates was fined 5s. and had his licence suspended for three months, for driving a motor-cycle dangerously while carrying three pillion passengers on his machine. Why the difference?

Himself Last.

Though suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, George Gould, of Marylebone, saved eight lives from drowning, two being of children from the Regent's Canal. Modest and courageous, he shirked publicity for deeds that undoubtedly hastened his death. We salute the passing of a hero as true as any that lie under the British flag.

What a Mate!

Drunk and incapable of doing duty as first mate on the s.s. *Workington* when at Pyræus, David Thomas Evans was discharged by the British Consul's consent and travelled to England as passenger. Considering that the chairman of the court of enquiry held at Cardiff declared the case to be the worst he had known, suspension of his certificate for a year and £10 to pay towards costs is a light let-off for dragging Jack Tar's good name in the dust.

Monkeys First!

Since the new monkey-house was constructed Zoo animals have "greatly benefited" by the fresh air and radiant sunlight installed. We don't grudge health and happiness for caged monkeys, but why these only? Thousands of children are still languishing in filth and foul air.

Getting a Move On.

We are constantly hearing of abnormal delay in the provision of houses, yet the Devonians resident in South Molton have a rural council which is out to complete the building of sixty houses by Lady-day, 1929. The progressive policy of the South Molton councillors might well be copied in a few urban areas.

Yet Again!

Without job or unemployment benefit, Kenneth Noble, of Norwich, desperate for a living, took to stealing shrubs from private woods. The Bench, determined to stop the offence, committed him to three months' hard labour. How long must we protest against these sentences that leave the destitute still more incapable of work?

What Is It?

The father of a family tells us that the adult return fare for a fourteen-mile railway journey recently made by them was 2s. 6d. The baby was supposed to travel free, yet the company got its own back by charging 3s. 4d. for the pram. He asks if this isn't an anomaly. We should call it a fifty-fifty mixture of imposition and idiocy.

Sense from Southampton.

At Southampton recently both employers and trade union representatives argued their respective cases with reference to an increased wage for ship-repairers before an independent chairman, Mr. H. P. Macmillan, K.C. We heartily welcome the inauguration of this conciliation machinery, which promises well for the future of the industry.

He Fell Among——

Friends instead of thieves surrounded Owen Crawley, of Hermit Street, Hartlepool, when with £240 compensation money in his pocket he was found helplessly drunk in the street. We agree with the magistrate, who fined him 10s. and 7s. 6d. doctor's fee, that he may congratulate himself that the majority of Britishers are honest.

Up to the Top.

If anything could add to the unique achievement of Mr. H. L. Haslegrave, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in winning three special prizes in connection with the Mechanical Sciences Tripos at the University, it is that he started his career at an elementary school. Thereby he is an encouragement to every youngster never to despise the lowest rung of the ladder.

Start Them Young.

It is all very well for Mr. Hay Halkett to ask what more a country that provides outdoor relief, workhouses and casual wards could be expected to do for Albert Roberts, a painter, who took to crime because he could get no work. We offer our recipe to the country for setting up a citizen: "Take care of the homes and the school and let charity take care of itself."

Never Again.

We admire the boldness of the Swansea magistrates in sending Frederick John Owen, aged fifty-one, to prison for three months and with a lifelong suspension from holding a motor licence, for being drunk in charge of a car, during which he fractured a cyclist's leg. There is no doubt a few more such drastic measures would soon wring the neck of a common and serious offence.

The Brightest Yet.

Some smart summer frocks are to be seen about just now, but the brightest thing in print this week will be the "John Bull Holiday Annual," on sale everywhere on June 28. This budget of brightness, which is just the thing for week-end or holiday reading, is really wonderful value for sixpence. Over sixty well-known authors and artists contribute humour to its gay pages. Don't forget *your* copy.

◆

The Human Machine

Remember!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

A VERY wise man once wrote: "Everyone knows that on any given day there are energies slumbering in him which the excitements of the day do not call forth.

"Compared with what we ought to be we are only half awake, our fires are damped, our draughts are checked, we make use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources."

I think we have all felt that. We have all had our moments when we suddenly did something that a second before seemed impossible.

We have all felt for a moment that the very stars were within our reach.

Why don't we have these moments more often? Is it our own fault or is it really because we cannot? I think it is our own fault.

REALLY we are all very lazy. We don't want to do anything we don't need to do. We are all far too content to drift along.

It is only when for a moment we catch a fleeting vision of a dream that we put out all our powers and try to do something worth while.

When you find yourself up against something very difficult remember the times when you have done things just as difficult without any effort.

Remember the powers that lie hidden in you, ready to spring out if only you will call them. And remember that what you have done once you can do again.

Exchange Was Robbery.

Scurvy indeed was the trick by which Owen Jones, to pacify two "fussy" customers, stole for them two bottles of "cream line" milk belonging to the United Dairies, Marylebone, substituting two of his own containing 2½ and 3 per cent. added water. He could not want a better exposure as a dairyman. The £10 5s. he has to pay should convince him of the folly of selling any milk but the best.

Municipal Myopia.

Why on earth did the Mansfield Board of Guardians, after expressing alarm at the number of children in the casual wards and wishing that two counties should combine to notify and place them in a better environment, drop the matter because it was a national question? National questions as vital as this one will for ever remain unanswered unless individuals keep on hammering at them.

Work for Workless.

Forty-three acres of land belonging to the Salford Guardians are to be fenced, levelled and drained for house building by over 1,000 unemployed out-relief men, the scheme to cover two years. Training is to be carried on at a four-and-a-half acre site of a demolished workhouse. Such effort towards improving the wage-earning capacity of the workless brings water to the dreary waste of words about unemployment.

Amazing Prudery.

It is little to their credit that some members of the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers have fallen out with the national executive. Protest is raised against a grant of £10 made to the National Council for Unmarried Mothers as "not an object to which their union funds should be devoted." Since a mother is usually unmarried only because marriage has been refused by the father of her child, it is difficult to see how the objectors defend their reasoning.

Jack of All.

The Thrapston Guardians have advertised for a "porter" able to cut hair and shave inmates, do the gardening, help in the male ward of the infirmary, receive and take charge of vagrants, and have knowledge of the starting and working of a petrol pumping-engine. With remuneration, plus uniform, board and lodging, of £40 per annum, subject to deductions, the porter-cum-barber-cum-gardener-cum-engineer who gets the Thrapston Guardians' post will deserve it!

Shamed by Animals.

Blue with cold, deserted by its mother, a sixteen-day-old infant would have perished in a plantation near Aberdeen had not two farm-horses, sensing trouble, summoned help by refusing to pass the spot. Three months' imprisonment for the mother does not end the matter. Three hundred years ago Dean Swift wrote of a kingdom where horses were superior to and dominated men. Have we no blush that civilisation to-day comes so near the satirist's fancy?

Another War Tragedy.

The country's ingratitude to ex-Service men was the inevitable complaint of the deputy-coroner of Blundell Sands at the inquest on Alfred M'Laine Court, found by his widowed mother gassed in bed. A soldier from 1914–21, wounded once, he only obtained casual employment after his discharge, a fact which preyed on his mind. The miseries resulting from war cannot prey too strongly on the minds of a nation to keep it from marching gaily to another.

Child Marriage.

Pleading guilty to bigamy, Dorothy Jean Kerans, slim and young, at Liverpool told Mr. Justice Talbot that she was married at fifteen and ran away from her husband because he was cruel. Ignorance of the law led her to marry again and she was merely bound over for two years; now she is conscious that unless she leaves the man she loves she must "live in sin." The whole miserable business is a bitter commentary on the still more miserable business of child-marriage contracts.

Cruel Hoax.

Once again we repeat that there is no truth whatever in the story that Scotland Yard is giving prizes to children who furnish them with collections of recorded numbers of motor-cars. Whoever was responsible for a rumour that sends kiddies dashing into traffic for information and wasting stamps writing for the "prizes" deserves imprisonment.

Striking at Cruelty.

We congratulate Mr. H. B. Amos for the determined attack he is leading against blood sports as an integral part of our public school system. Already he has signatures from leading people throughout the county to a memorial prepared for Eton College. To run a pack of beagles has no relation to education, and the sooner it is recognised by the favoured few the better it will be for the country as a whole.

Davington Again!

When a "punter" has backed a winner like Felstead in the Derby he feels, very naturally, pleased with the result. But when he has to wait for his money from the bookmaker, his pleasant feeling gives way to indignation. That's the case with one of our readers who, foolishly, had not noted our previous exposures of Walter Davington (W. T. Taylor), of Excel House, London, W.C. Davington "excels" in defaulting his clients.

No Blind Alleys.

Bradford's best man is Mr. Arthur Gray, officer in charge of the employment exchange. He finds out personally from every boy and girl due to leave school what job they want. Through the Master Spinners' Federation he knows the danger of "blind alley" work, and keeps in touch with boys of fifteen and sixteen who cannot permanently be employed at the mills. We urge other cities to hunt up their own Mr. Gray.

Artful "Assessors."

When Thomas Richmond at the Oldham County Court was awarded £25 damages for injuries received at work, it transpired that a "claims assessor" had offered to take up the case on condition that he was given 10 per cent. of the amount received. Judge Spencer Hogg maintained that as the youth was under twenty-one the money should be paid into court, for he did not intend to "encourage gambling in litigation." A very right and proper attitude to adopt. These unofficial "assessors" are becoming a nuisance.

Watch Wangle.

A Monmouthshire man has every reason for deciding to have nothing further to do with the Universal Trading Co., of 89, Cornwallis Road, Upper Holloway, London, N. On payment of 2s. 11d., he received a "Gent's Albert" with the understanding that if he took advantage of the firm's "marvellous offer" he would receive a "Famous 30-hour Lever Watch." The "marvellous offer" was to sell or use seventy-two pictorial postcards at 1d. each! Disgusted with the "Albert" chain and the offer, he returned the former and asked for his money back. Instead of money he received further offers and he is still minus his 2s. 11d.

Height of Deception.

Mr. C. Malcolm Ross, of Scarborough, is a "height specialist." He also, apparently, specialises in bluff and deception. Not content with publishing a claim that he can increase the height of clients up to forty-five years of age by one to six inches in a few weeks, he also invites the credulous to send threepence in stamps for "convincing testimony." Mr. Ross announces that he has increased his own height to 6 ft. 3¾ in., but we note that he omits to mention what height he was when he started! We advise our readers to keep their stamps for their correspondence and small men of forty-five not to set their hearts on becoming giants.

* * *

Become a registered reader and let "John Bull" protect your home. (See page 2.)

Problems of Life

The Gleam in the Cloud

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A WRITER whose name has not hitherto been familiar to me, Victor Sampson, tells in a story of South African life of an incident that is probably authentic

The Rev. Dr. Campbell

Soon after the peace which ended the struggle between the British Empire and the Transvaal Republic, an Englishman riding on the veldt stopped at a tumble-down farm-house and spoke to an old Boer who was seated in the sunshine smoking a pipe.

The visitor asked the old man how he was getting on, and this was the answer:

"Look you: I have not long ago returned from Ceylon, where I was sent as a prisoner; my two sons fell in the war; my wife died while I was away; my house was burned down; my cattle were all lost or stolen, and lately the locusts have come and eaten all my crops; but otherwise it goes well."

THIS statement was not made in any spirit of bravado; it was the spontaneous expression of something engrained in the character of the old man and of the race to which he belonged.

It never occurred to him to lie down in helplessness and bemoan his evil fate. He carried on as a matter of course and made the best of what was left to him, though he had lost almost everything that he valued in the world.

There is a lesson for most of us in this. Clergymen and doctors know only too well the kind of character that is perpetually complaining of hard luck, constantly needing propping up from outside, unable to pluck up resolution enough to make a fresh start after a period of shattered hopes.

A variant of this kind of nature, sadder and more pathetic, is that of the person who does no complaining, but hides away from human sight, refusing all comfort and living only in the past.

The principal defect of a character like that of the old Dutchman is that it may easily tend to callousness. It can exhibit plenty of courage and fidelity without much tenderness.

Yet it need not be so; and the opposite kind of character is just as liable to be self-centred.

THE true balance is that of the soul that feels deeply, but acts strongly. There is no cure for morbidness or brooding on trouble equal to that of taking up the day's duty and going on with it as though no change had taken place.

It may seem unfeeling at first, but is far from being so in reality.

Never isolate yourself, however deep the trial you have to endure. You are not as much alone as you think. Somebody needs you somewhere, and the world needs us all.

Sorrow has to show sympathy as well as to receive it if its wounds are to be healed. And the door of hope is never closed unless by one's own hand.

A CROOKED CHARITY HOME

CHEAT'S DESPERATE DEVICES

Putting "Paid" to Blackburn

JOHN BULL has repeatedly and relentlessly exposed the crooked activities of Mr. Walter Blackburn, a notorious blind twister, who, posing as a philanthropist, has collected large sums of money, much of which has gone into his own pockets.

Although he has been convicted of fraud and false pretences, he has since managed to make quite a "fine living" by running "St. John's Home for Incurables" on the Marine Parade, Tankerton (near Whitstable), under the auspices of the "Westminster Charity Committee," of 28 and 30, Bessborough Gardens, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

Now we are able to publish certain astounding revelations which, we trust, will spell the end of Blackburn's career of fraud and deception.

Odd agreement

Tangled circumstances began to unravel themselves after the inquest, in 1927, on a young London clerk named Morton, who had died at the Tankerton home.

It was then stated that the "resident medical superintendent" was an ex-Naval man named Mr. H. W. Pilgrim; that two girls described as a nurse and a probationer were unqualified and under eighteen, and that local doctors refused to have anything to do with the home.

Mr. Pilgrim, we have now discovered, has severed his connection with the home, but the circumstances of his sojourn there are of interest.

It was in February, 1927, that he took up the position of resident superintendent, with his wife as lady superintendent in charge of the catering side of the home.

The agreement between Pilgrim and the "Westminster Charities Committee" was an odd one, stating that, in addition to a salary of £100 a year rising by £50 a year on a three-year contract, he was to receive a capitation fee of 3s. per head for all children under twelve visiting the home and 5s. per head for all patients over that age.

That clause in the agreement raises an interesting point indicative of Blackburn's methods.

In a circular letter sent out from London, and urging the Jewish hospitals and the Jewish community generally to patronise the home, it was stated that for *every guinea subscribed one adult or two children under the age of fourteen was given a week's holiday without expense to the beneficiaries.*

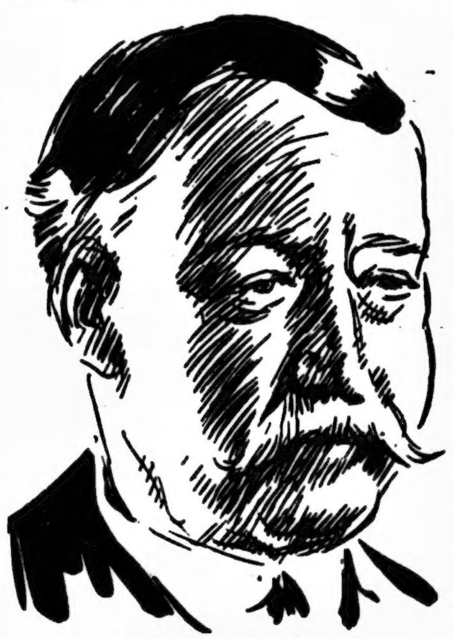
Suspicion aroused

And yet out of that guinea (if Blackburn had kept his promise) would have had to come the capitation fee of 5s. for the adult or 6s. for the two children !

Mr. Pilgrim's suspicions were gradually aroused after the inquest, when, apparently, money was not rolling into the Blackburn coffers with the rapidity to which he had been accustomed.

To meet the expenses of the home Blackburn sent down cheques made payable to "The Hospital for Incurables," the "Westminster Charities Committee," the "Poor Children's Welfare Centre," the "St. John's Home" and other "institutions."

These he asked Pilgrim to put through his own private banking account. The bank, in some instances, refused to do this, and Pilgrim was then sent "bearer" cheques and postal-orders, etc., to meet liabilities.



Mr. Walter Blackburn

Funny finance

It was obvious that either the "Westminster Charities Committee" did not possess an account of its own, or, if it did, was not anxious to make use of it.

On one occasion when a sum of £19 8s. 6d. was sent down to Mr. Pilgrim, it was made up of postal-orders, cheques, money-orders and a dividend warrant.

Mr. Pilgrim was even asked to pay pressing accounts with post-dated cheques.

The peculiar financial methods of the "Westminster Charity Committee" are further reflected in some other interesting facts we have been able to elicit.

For years young girls have regularly been visiting a public-house in Vauxhall Bridge Road from the neighbouring headquarters of the "Westminster Charity Committee" and changing for notes as much as £5 of copper.

Returning to the home at Tankerton, we find that, although Mr. Pilgrim was a competent superintendent, he was rapidly losing faith in those who controlled its affairs.

In September last, for instance, a Battersea girl who had both her legs amputated was admitted to the home.

Blackburn asked the Battersea Guardians to make a donation towards her support, and when they refused, the girl was turned out.

Then there is the case of the daughter of a schoolmaster who, with his colleagues, had subscribed to the Tankerton home for years.

The girl, who was suffering from rheumatoid arthritis, was nominated as a beneficiary and she was admitted to the home.

But, after her admission, Blackburn demanded subscriptions from her parents, and, when these were not forthcoming, she was removed.

Strange stipulation

Money grew rapidly scarcer. Pilgrim was even asked to go out collecting for "Westminster Charities," being offered 25 per cent. commission, then 33 per cent. and finally 65 per cent. He refused.

Blackburn decided to dispose of the home, if it could be done to his advantage. We know that he negotiated both with a certain hospital in London and with the Ancient Order of Druids.

With regard to the latter, the secretary visited the home, and, after an interview with Pilgrim, stated that he had been entirely misinformed. Negotiations fell through.

He had offered the home to the Druids for £3,000 cash or £5,000 spread over five years. *The sale was to be in the name of Mr. Blackburn, and he stipulated that he was to be retained as a collector.*

In the case of the hospital, Blackburn negotiated in the name of the "Westminster Charities Committee."

A provisional contract (a copy of which we have in our possession) was drawn up, whereby the hospital was to take over the home, but the "*Westminster Committee" were to be retained as collectors.*

In the event of that arrangement ending after three years, "Walter and Hilda Blackburn" were to be paid an annuity of three guineas a week during their joint lives.

Mysterious happenings

It will thus be seen that, although anxious to rid himself of the responsibilities of the home, Blackburn was determined to retain facilities for continuing his collecting tricks.

Bills have been pouring in at the home, and a considerable amount of money has been owing to traders in the district. The electric light company cut off the supply on one occasion and the gas company protected itself by installing shilling-in-the-slot meters.

There is much we could say regarding the activities of the "Westminster Charities Committee," of its methods of business, of the people who surround Blackburn, of mysterious people who appear to sign important letters in turn, investing themselves with appropriate official positions.

We shall, however, for the moment, confine ourselves to the disclosures printed above, with the hope that at long last Mr. Blackburn's career of fraud will be definitely ended.

Grab Mr. Greensmith!

A Disappearing Trickster

WHERE is Mr. Archibald Greensmith, late of Loampit Hill, Lewisham? Many people are anxiously looking for him, and we think the time has come when the police might well join in the search.

Mr. Greensmith, as we explained in a recent article, ran a swindling business in Lewisham Road, Greenwich, called the Newart Metal Co.

Advertising for investor-employees, he induced several unfortunate people to part with substantial sums of money for jobs which proved to be worthless. Then he disappeared.

Since we commented upon his despicable behaviour in this respect we have heard much more about him.

Some time ago he formed a company called the Vital Motor Units, Limited. Renting a small workshop, he enlisted the services of a number of men who were engaged upon manufacturing sparking-plugs.

Workshop blind

Whether he intended to do a genuine business in the motor trade we do not know. Subsequent events certainly point to the fact that he certainly did not, but that the "workshop" was merely a blind to cover a more sinister mission

In any case, Greensmith, in the name of the Vital Motor Units, Limited, advertised for men who were willing to invest £150-£200.

Applications rolled in. In all, in this venture alone, he induced more than twenty men to part with substantial sums of money, which he pocketed and then absconded.

As was the case in regard to the Newart Metal Company, the business of Vital Motor Units, Limited, was purely bogus, which led to an interesting sequel at the Old Bailey, where Greensmith was finally sent for twenty months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences.

Apart from these two ventures, Greensmith has conducted other bogus "companies," in which men have been induced to part with their life-savings.

In one case he relieved several ex-Service men of various sums by promising remunerative posts as "confidential clerks."

Once they had handed over their cash, Greensmith performed his usual disappearing trick.

Well-earned rest

In view of these disclosures, we hope that the police will compel Greensmith to emerge from his obscurity and answer for the mean frauds he has so persistently perpetrated.

A spell in prison will not, we are afraid, cure him of his plundering methods, as, apart from his Old Bailey sentence, we have discovered that, in other names, he has been convicted at least twice previously.

No one will say, however, that he has not fully merited a further "rest" from his labours.

STARTLING ASYLUM SCANDAL

THE BOARD OF BLOCKHEADS

A Suffolk Woman's Torture

MRS. ANNIE SPOONER is the wife of a basket-maker of Sudbury, Suffolk. She is sixty-one years of age and has had nine children, of whom three sons and two daughters are living.

All are married except the younger daughter Phœbe, who lives at home with her father and mother.

Last December Mrs. Spooner was suffering from nervous debility. One of her sons engaged Dr. H. D. King, of Sudbury, to attend her.

The doctor paid his first visit on December 17. He paid a number of further visits and supplied medicine, but the patient did not seem to improve.

On January 12, at the doctor's request, Mrs. Spooner was removed to the infirmary. The same day, unknown to her relatives, she was certified as of unsound mind and was sent to the mental hospital at Melton.

Natural horror

The extraordinary nature of this proceeding is heightened by the fact that Mrs. Spooner had never been in receipt of parish relief. She had never been in an asylum, and had never before been known to suffer mentally.

She was not without friends, as, in addition to her children, she has eight sisters living, with all of whom she corresponds.

Mrs. Spooner was placed in a strait-jacket as soon as she reached the infirmary. Soon after entering the hospital some of her teeth were removed.

This unhappy woman had that dread of a lunatic asylum which persists in the minds and memories of country folk, and her horror at discovering where she was may be imagined better than it can be described.

The daughter Phœbe in a letter to her brother Stanley, describing a visit to her mother, says:

"*I cannot forget the look she gave me, and she wanted to know did we still love her*. . . . We must get her out somehow, although I know it's jolly hard once they get them there."

Amazing facts

Fortunately, Stanley Spooner came to JOHN BULL for advice. We promptly invoked the aid of the National Society for Lunacy Reform, which directed him in the legal steps to secure his mother's release. The result was that Mrs. Spooner was restored to her home.

One of her first acts was to send a box of cakes to a friendless woman in the asylum who has been there twenty years. The letter she received in reply is heartbreaking in its sanity.

Mrs. Spooner's great fear while in the asylum was that she too might never regain her liberty, as this woman appeared to her to be quite normal.

Some amazing facts have emerged from Mrs. Spooner's case since she regained her freedom.

On February 8, Dr. H. D. King, replying to a letter from Mr. Stanley Spooner, said:

"I myself asked the relieving officer to move your mother, Mrs. Spooner, to the infirmary, as it was quite obvious your father and sister could not see to her properly at home. After that she passed out of my hands and I cannot give you any information about her removal to Melton."

Dr. King is a justice of the peace. The reception order reveals that *he was the magistrate who signed the order for Mrs. Spooner's removal.*

The statements of the relieving officer, magistrate and certifying doctor are all dated January 12, and it is obvious that Mrs. Spooner, having been unexpectedly removed from her home, was certified off-hand.

There is no history of insanity or alleged cause. The attack is stated to be of fourteen days' duration, *a favourite official period*, and while the relieving officer states definitely that Mrs. Spooner is not dangerous to others, the certifying doctor states, as a fact observed by himself, "that she is violent at times, requiring restraint."

This doctor had never seen Mrs. Spooner before. No statement whatever is made by any relative, but the views of an "assistant" nurse are utilised in support.

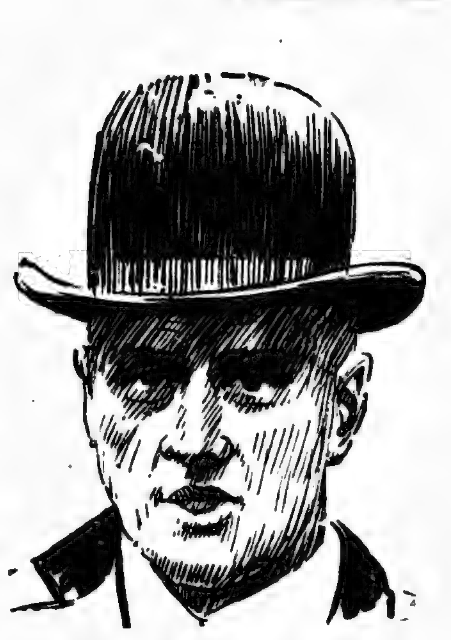
A simple country woman suffering from severe nervous breakdown might easily appear demented to official minds on finding herself suddenly in a workhouse infirmary.

The reasons stated for hurrying off this poor woman to a mental hospital appear to be based on little more than her natural fear and distress. Her sons or her married daughter would gladly have taken care of her.

No time to prevent injustice!

Mr. Montgomery Parker, chairman of the Society for Lunacy Reform, drew the attention of the Board of Control to these matters.

He asked whether it met with the Board's approval that the personal medical attendant of a patient should constitute himself a magistrate for executing a reception order, as it seemed to him an abuse of all the best traditions of the English Bench.



Mr. Montgomery Parker

The Board of Control's reply was that the reception order and other documents received by them following Mrs. Spooner's admission to the Suffolk County Mental Hospital were examined and found to comply with the requirements of the Lunacy Law.

In reply to a further letter from Mr. Parker, pressing for an enquiry, the Board of Control replied that it had nothing to add to its previous letter.

A few weeks ago the Minister of Health in the House of Commons expressed his appreciation of the desirability of "early legislation" on the report of the Royal Commission on Lunacy—now two years old—but regretted he was unable to say when it would be practicable to introduce a Bill for that purpose, "in view of the other legislative commitments of the Government."

Anything, apparently, is more important than the prevention of crying injustice.

A TRIANGLE THAT'S NOT SQUARE

FIDELITY GOING CHEAP

WE are not enamoured of the business methods of Francis Pridlam, of 37, West Square, S.E., and who is renting offices on the third floor of St. Dunstan's Chambers, Fetter Lane.

A Deptford reader, who responded to an advertisement in the situations vacant column of a daily newspaper a few weeks ago, was favoured a day or two later with a reply from the National Housing Corporation, Limited, of 37, West Square, S.E.

The applicant was requested to furnish certain references and to fill in and return an enclosed form.

Having complied with this request, he later received a further letter asking that 10s. should be forwarded in return for a fidelity bond, after which an interview would be arranged at the head office in Fetter Lane.

Omitted step

The headed notepaper of this concern conveys the information that it is a firm of builders and estate-agents.

Having styled itself "limited," it is not too much to expect that steps would be taken to register it as such, but this has not been done!

Ambitious motto

Meanwhile we have received a further enquiry from a Penarth gentleman who replied to an advertiser in a Cardiff newspaper, and who was favoured with an offer from the Housing Corporation, of St. Dunstan's Chambers, Fetter Lane, E.C.

In glowing terms was propounded a proposition under which the applicant would be appointed a district manager at a salary of £2 10s. per week plus 25 per cent. commission on all business introduced.

A letter received the following day from the same address, and signed by the same individual, who is apparently both manager and secretary, was from the Easiest Way Housing Corporation, Limited.

Again the applicant in this case—like the Deptford one—was required to forward 10s. in return for a fidelity bond!

With the motto "Healthy Homes for All," and boasting that it is registered pursuant to the Provident Societies Acts of 1893-1913, this mysterious corporation purports to carry on the business of builders, garden city promoters and insurance agents.

The Housing Corporation states definitely that a capital of £250,000 has been authorised for the above purposes, and for the erection of houses with rents within the means of the working classes.

Doubtful declaration

One might assume that a veritable giant in the building trade is behind these enterprises.

But this is far from being the case, for they are neither registered as limited companies nor as friendly societies, so that to say that a capital of £250,000 has been authorised wants substantiating.

The only claim these concerns have to registration is under the Business Names Act, of 1916, where we find that the Housing Corporation was registered as recently as June 2, 1928, by Francis Sydney Jones, of 28, Newington Butts, S.E., and Kate Francis Pridlam, of 37, West Square, S.E.

Never heard of

The business address is stated to be St. Dunstan's Chambers, 10-11, Fetter Lane, E.C., and the avowed objects are to build houses for the working classes.

No. 28, Newington Butts is an accommodation address, the proprietor of which has never heard of Francis Sydney Jones in his life, and enquiries made at 37, West Square, S.E., elicits the fact that Francis Pridlam lives there alone, and that no such person as Kate resides at that address.

The foregoing should be sufficient to prove that these corporations are by no means what they are pretended to be, and the competent authorities should be interested in their ac- activities.

TRAFFIC IN CORPSES

BODY-SNATCHING BUMBLES

Amazing Insult to the Dead

YEARS ago Tom Hood wrote, "He's only a pauper whom nobody owns." With what bitterness would he have written of the fact that even after death the pauper's body is not his own !

THERE are poor old men in Islington Poor Law institutions who know that, when they die, there will be no flowers by request, although the request is not made by them. There will be no mourners. There will be no funeral. Their bodies will not even be laid reverently in a decent coffin.

The shadow of the Body-snatching Bumble darkens the last fleeting days of their lives. They know that when the hour comes, and the spirit has flown, they will look down from another sphere to see their bodies trundled to the dissecting-room, there to be the playthings of surgeons and students.

Horrible dread

For the Islington Board of Guardians has now definitely joined the increasing number of Poor Law authorities who, under the provisions of the Anatomy Act, have agreed that the unclaimed bodies of paupers dying in their institutions shall be "given up" for anatomical examination

These guardians throughout the country are little more than ghouls in top-hats. Such body-snatching is a sneer at the sublimity of peaceful death. To hang over the heads of the poor such an ominous dread is unwarranted terrorising.

We have no quarrel with science. We admit that anatomical examinations are essential and inevitable in the training of students and in the advance of medical learning.

But we feel, and have already said so pointedly, that if the Ministry of Health, instead of circularising the Poor Law authorities with a plea for the bodies of unclaimed paupers, had appealed to the general public, there would have been a ready response, and many whose lives are more closely linked with the world's progress would gladly have willed their bodies to the doctors.

In the active spheres of the outer world we have little time to think of death, but within the workhouse walls these poor old folk have all too much time to reflect upon it.

Waiting for their bodies

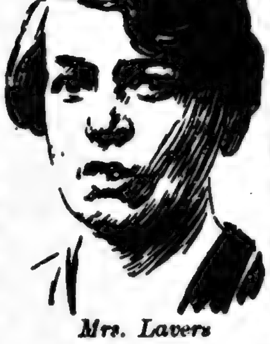
They have a simple but sincere regard for the funeral rite, and to know that, instead of being laid gently and solemnly to rest, the body-snatchers will pounce upon their empty shells without reverence and almost with eagerness is a gloomy evening of their days to anticipate. Indeed, many of them anticipate it with horror.

To know that as they wait for death there are others waiting for their bodies ! It is monstrous that at this stage of civilisation it should be possible for a man to know that against his will he will not have a decent burial. And all because they are poor, have no friends and no relations.

We applaud the courage of Mrs. Lavers, a Labour member of the Bournemouth and Christchurch Board of Guardians, who recently made a bold speech of protest to the assembled Body-snatching Bumbles.

Her protest illuminates the policy we expressed in these columns about a year ago, when a dying man in the Richmond Poor Law institution confessed that his last days had been overshadowed by an ominous dread.

"I am prepared," said Mrs. Lavers, "to will my body if it is any use, and if other members are anxious for the progress of medical science they can do the same, but we ought not to give over the bodies in our institutions."


Mrs. Lavers

Mr. Tom Peaty, another Labour member of the same Board, shared her protest. "Because these people are poor and destitute, it is no reason why their bodies should be handed over to be the playthings of students."

But, in spite of them both, the Bournemouth Board decided to agree that the unclaimed bodies of patients who died in Park Prewett Mental Hospital should be used for anatomical dissection at Oxford University.

Because they are cheap!

We are disgusted that the Bournemouth Board of Guardians, one of the most advanced, enlightened and usually kindly Poor Law authority in the country, should have joined the ranks of the body-snatchers.

The Ministry of Health made it clear in a circular to one Board of Guardians that by handing over the bodies of paupers they would not only be aiding in the advance of science, but would be saving the cost of funerals !

There are still, happily, institutions where the guardians are rigidly opposed to the principle of penalising the poor. They realise that many who die in poverty in the workhouse, who have lost all their relations and are friendless, were once prosperous and respected members of the community, well known in the district.

They have been overtaken by adversity in circumstances not attended by the slightest disgrace.

We suppose it is obviously cheaper and simpler to snatch the bodies of the poor and friendless than to adopt other methods of obtaining bodies for dissection, but we share the general aversion of the public for the Body-snatching Bumbles of this *year of grace* 1928 !

THE THIRTY THIEVES

CROOK TOURISTS EXPOSED

Greeks and Sneaks

JOHN BULL finds its hands fairly full in exposing native-born sharks. When their number is added to by foreigners the job is made much harder. We look to the Home Office to help

A MERRY party of thirty Greek tourists, complete with passports for a stay of from three to six months, stepped ashore at an English port about a month ago, and immediately made for the West End of London.

There was no doubt that they had plenty of money ; most of them were good-looking, and all of them were exceedingly well dressed. Only a few of them could speak English, but those who could explained that they were anxious to make the most of their stay in England.

And they are keeping their word.

We happen to know that this engaging party of "tourists" were nothing more than a shipload of shams. Indeed, they composed a sinister gang of Continental thieves on a widespread campaign of plunder at the height of the London season.

They are all expert pickpockets of the "swagger" type, who have earned considerable notoriety throughout Europe and are well-known to the Italian, French and German police. Although their passports are genuine ones, they were all obtained by false pretences.

Happy hunting-grounds

That such notorious crooks were able to obtain such credentials is an alarming state of affairs which the Home Office must investigate immediately while the police round up the intruders.

There must be no recurrence of such a grave passport scandal.

Since their arrival they have lost no time in getting busy, and daily, upon the railways, Tubes and 'buses of Greater London, complaints are being made by those who have been their victims, and who can generally recollect having seen a good-looking, well-dressed foreigner travelling with them during the ill-fated journey.

Racecourses, hotel vestibules, theatre queues and the vast crowds which assemble on the occasion of great events are more of the happy hunting-grounds of the cunning aliens.

During the famous Trooping of the Colour in Whitehall recently the gang "nailed" at least one victim, who has reported that his wallet, containing a substantial sum of money as well as important papers, was no longer with him at the conclusion of the ceremony.

Systematic thefts

And, curiously enough, he afterwards recollected having stood in the midst of a group of splendidly attired Greeks, who were speaking in their native tongue.

At Gatwick races the other day a man was relieved of a wallet containing upwards of £50. It was all over in a flash, but the victim chanced to discover the theft just as the thief, a foreigner, was making off with it. But, although he gave chase, he was unable to catch up with the culprit.

In another case a lady, visiting a famous West End theatre, was parted from a valuable diamond pendant. The thief, on this occasion, was a handsome Greek, and he, too, made an easy "get-away."

Gabbling and gestures

In the phraseology of the underworld, the Grafters from Greece operate in the following manner :

They enter a "rattler" (Tube), "dip" (rob) the "poke" (pocket) of a "mug" (victim), leave the "rattler" at the next station and, having handed over the "stuff" (stolen property) to an accomplice, catch the next available train in search of a new victim.

If they are "working" (operating on) a "tub" ('bus) they "fan" (push closely up to) a likely-looking person who has been selected in the waiting crowd and, as he mounts the 'bus, rapidly "dip" his "poke."

If the selected victim chances to be a lady the operation is termed "bustle-punching."

The Grafters from Greece are naturally aided in their activities by the fact that, in most cases, they cannot speak English, or, if they can, pretend that they cannot.

Wandering up to a well-dressed Englishman, they make despairing efforts to ask their way and, while the Englishman is puzzling his head wondering what to make of their strange, foreign gabbling and exaggerated gestures, they are all the time emptying his pocket.

One victim who was approached by two Greek "enquirers" in the West End found later, to his dismay, that he had been robbed of a pocket-book containing £30.

Spare-time luxury

The members of the Greek gang, which includes in its ranks a few Italians and Spaniards, frequent the West End hotels and restaurants and reside in select parts. They enjoy every luxury in their "spare time," which they can well afford to do.

The difficulties which confront the police in dealing with these foreign intruders can be imagined. With genuine passports and with victims who have extreme difficulty in identifying their plunderers, it is far from being a simple task.

Now that we have been able to expose the Grecian Grafters and their wily methods in the early stages of their campaign we trust that the Home Office will get busy.

Someone has blundered and it behoves the passport authorities to find out by what means a shipload of notorious crooks are able to obtain genuine credentials enabling them to enter this country on their campaign of plunder.

AMAZING THEATRE MYSTERY

A REVUE UNDER REVIEW

Sheridan's Merry Dance

THE many pitfalls which await ambitious theatrical producers who, with the finest intentions in the world, seek fame and fortune "on the road" without sufficient financial resources is pointedly illustrated by the recent adventures of Oscar Malone Sheridan, of 26, Coventry Street, London, W.

Mr. Sheridan, who is still in his twenties, is burning with ambition. He seeks to be a Butt, a Cochran or a Stoll.

One day, perhaps, his ambition may be realised, but before that time comes he will, we think, have to exercise a little more caution than has marked a catastrophe in which he finds himself the central figure.

Mr. Sheridan is the sole director of a company called the Associated Musical Productions, Ltd., a concern launched in January last with a nominal capital of just over £1,000.

Big plans

Mr. Sheridan is also the sole director of a second concern styled Canadian Productions, Ltd., which, like the former firm, has its headquarters in Coventry Street. It was formed in May last with a nominal capital of only £500.

Mr. Sheridan, determined to be a "big noise" certainly started off with a bang.

Full of confidence, he decided to stage a first-class musical play called "Running Wild."

After contracting to put on the show for a fortnight's run at the Alhambra, Glasgow, and the Palace, Manchester, he planned to introduce it to the West End at the Carlton Theatre.

To accomplish the London end of this object he entered into an agreement with the lessees to rent the latter for twelve weeks at a rental of £650 a week.

Under the terms of the contract he had to pay down £2,600 spot cash, which sum he raised and duly paid over. A company was rapidly got together and the show thoroughly rehearsed.

Everything went with a swing until the day before the "Running Wild" company was due to leave for Glasgow.

Then Mr. Sheridan dropped a bombshell. With a dramatic suddenness that startled all, from the leading lady down to the humblest chorus girl, he announced that the show was "off"—at least for the moment.

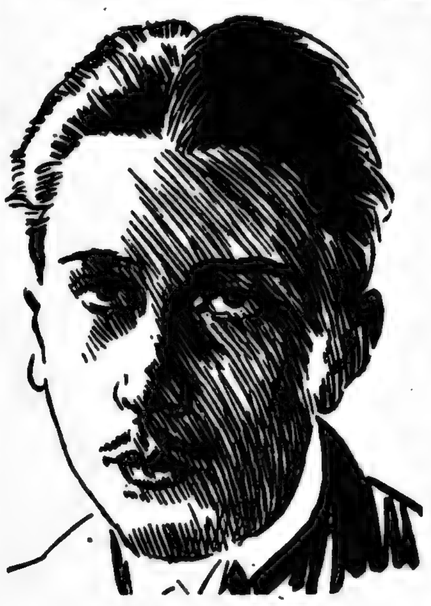
Startling announcement

Everything was in an immediate turmoil. The artistes were baffled. So was Mr. Sheridan. And the management of the Alhambra, Glasgow, were the most shocked of all.

It was the Thursday prior to Whit Monday and, by this time, bills had been posted all over Glasgow, newspaper advertising had been launched, seats had been booked—and the management awaited the arrival of Mr. Sheridan, with his company.

At four o'clock on this fateful Thursday afternoon Mr. Sheridan went to the offices of the great London syndicate which controls the destinies of the Alhambra, Glasgow.

One can better imagine than describe the feelings of the director he interviewed there when Mr. Sheridan announced that he would be unable to "open" at the Alhambra on Whit Monday as arranged.



Oscar Malone Sheridan

The syndicate was, of course, placed in supreme difficulties.

Angry meeting

Whit Week, so far as theatreland is concerned, is one of the most important "dates" of the year. For a theatre to be closed during that period would result, not only in serious financial loss, but also in a sorry loss of popularity and prestige.

The meeting in the director's office was, naturally, an angry and excited one. Pressed to explain how such a serious state of affairs could ever have come about, Mr. Sheridan replied, "My backers have let me down."

That, of course, was no concern of the syndicate, which merely looked to Mr. Sheridan to fulfil the obligation which he had entered into, and, after a long and heated discussion, Mr. Sheridan said that there was one way out of the difficulty.

If he could raise £1,000, he said, he could settle all outstanding liabilities, pay his artistes, release his scenery, transport the show in its entirety to Glasgow and there "open" as arranged on the Whit Monday.

The syndicate was in a tight corner, and in the end, upon Sheridan's definite assurance that the show would "open," he was handed a cheque for £1,000, which amount he promised to refund out of his weekly takings.

All, it was hoped, was well. But was it?

Mr. Sheridan returned to the syndicate's office the next day (Friday) at 5.30, having disposed of the £1,000, and staggered the syndicate with the information that he could not, after all, "open" on Whit Monday, unless he could raise a further £1,200!

What was said to Mr. Sheridan can be imagined. He was, to say the least, soundly admonished and told to get out.

Ruinous rashness

Friday night—and no show for Monday in Glasgow, after all their preparations!

Fortunately, at the eleventh hour, the syndicate was able to find a substitute show, but a considerable amount of money was lost in the process.

That Sheridan was indeed rash when he promised to "open" as arranged if given a cheque for £1,000 will be understood when we add that, having obtained the money, he went straight to the firm which had made the scenery for "Running Wild" (and which had refused to release it until its account was paid), where he was compelled to pay £870 in cash and, in addition, sign a bill of sale for a further £270 before it would part with the scenery.

Sheridan was thus left with £130, with which to pay the cartage of the massive scenery to Glasgow, to pay the artistes, and to meet, among other liabilities, a bill of £1,450 due to the costumiers who had made the dresses for the show, and who naturally refused to part with them until they had been paid.

But Sheridan couldn't pay them. In his dilemma this almost pathetic blunderer visited a wealthy City gentleman, seeking an advance of £4,500, stating that he had several newspapers behind him for publicity and that the profits of "Running Wild" would not be less than £8,000 in six months.

Sorry story

As the gentleman in question had already lost a large sum of money in a previous theatrical venture with which Sheridan was concerned, he very wisely turned down the offer.

"Running Wild" has, therefore, up to the moment, done nothing but run amok. The artistes have worked for nothing, although some money was found to pay the chorus, creditors have given up hope of payment, the syndicate has lost its £1,000, and Sheridan himself is left to ponder on the wreckage of his bold scheme.

This sorry story of a bouncing young man in Blunderland will, we hope, not only be a lesson to Mr. Sheridan himself, but will also serve the purpose of deterring other ambitious but over-optimistic would-be stage geniuses from courting similar disasters.

Teach Them a Lesson!

Send the Poisoners to Prison

WE have never been sparing of words in describing our contempt for those who permit contaminated food to reach the general public of this country.

Such an offence is, of course, punishable by law, but all too often does the offender escape with a small fine out of all proportion to the seriousness of his crime.

The case of Frederick Jones, a farmer, of Overpool, and Walter Jones, a butcher, of Station Road, Ellesmere Port, occurs to us as being typical of the apathetic attitude which magistrates too often adopt towards such offences as these two men were found guilty of at the local police-court.

Startling admission

Although his farm was infected by anthrax, Farmer Jones had arranged for the slaughter of a young black-and-white bull on the premises, and the carcase was dressed and sent to Carr Bros., Wholesale Meat Market, Liverpool.

In the absence of Farmer Jones, his nephew explained to an official that the bull had been slaughtered on the farm because it was ill. A veterinary surgeon had not been called in.

So that, not only were the by-laws broken, inasmuch as proper notice of the slaughter was not given and the public slaughter-house not used, but it was actually admitted that the bull was not in a fit condition.

When Mr. A. W. N. Pillers, Liverpool's deputy veterinary surgeon, visited Carr Bros.' premises and examined the carcase, he found that the creature was undoubtedly a serious case of anthrax.

At a skin-market near by he saw the hide, and the condition of this confirmed what he had already discovered. The carcase and hide were immediately destroyed by a chemical process and the premises concerned were thoroughly disinfected.

Walter Jones, the butcher who actually slaughtered the bull, spent some time in hospital, being himself treated for anthrax.

He was fined £3 and Farmer Jones £4—trifling punishments, we feel, for such serious offences.

At West Hartlepool only a week or so ago there was another police-court prosecution which reflects the same point.

Lesson needed

George Hindson, a butcher, of Greatham, was fined 40s. for "an offence under the Public Health Act."

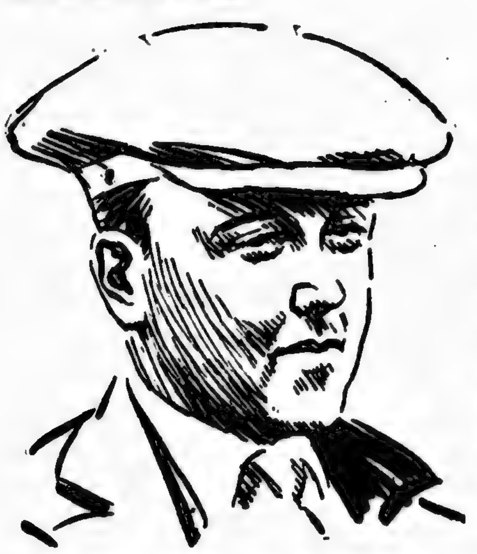
In more mundane language, he was guilty of offering for sale some liver which the Medical Officer of Health, Dr. G. Lilico, described as being "certainly unfit for the food of human man"! It was found to be affected with parasitis or "flukes."

These purveyors of unclean or diseased food must be taught a lesson, and the system of punishment should be tightened up without delay.

THE TRICKY TROUSERS TRIO

A BLIZZARD OF BILLS

Mugs Made to Measure



Mr. Isaac Levene, one of the clever swindlers here exposed

ALDGATE and the surrounding district has, for a long time past, been the business home of Jewish tailors, most of whom, it is generally agreed, are unexcelled in their trade.

St. George Street, Aldgate, around which this particular disclosure revolves, furnishes, like many of the other busy thoroughfares in the vicinity, excellent workshops within which a thriving business is done daily.

About six months ago there was a stir in St. George Street. A new firm arrived, with enough convincing bombast to impress even the authentic experts of that locality.

The new firm styled itself Messrs. Levene and Frankel, ladies' and gentlemen's costumiers.

So immaculate were these two youthful gentlemen in appearance that they might have been tailors' models themselves.

If their names—Levene and Frankel—were not good enough to warrant confidence, the references they produced on demand dispelled all doubt as to their integrity and their business status.

On the strength of these glowing testimonials, goods vital to the tailoring trade were soon arriving at 129, St. George Street in a profusion and a manner which suggested to the oldest-established tailors in the district that they were confronted by rivalry of a staunch and disquieting character.

The previous tenant at 129, St. George Street had been a wholesale tailoring factor, who, anxious to be relieved of his business, had discovered in Levene and Frankel ideal purchasers, and was only too delighted to dispose of all his goods and effects, trade implements, machinery, etc., to them.

But the newcomers, despite their apparent affluence, did not pay down at once for what they had bought. They entered into an agreement whereby they were to pay by instalments.

Hive of Industry

From the start the workshop of Levene and Frankel became a hive of industry, bales of cloth arriving in profusion on the one hand, and a few newly made suits and costumes being despatched on the other. What happened to the bulk of the cloth is a mystery.

It was not long before the lesser lights of the trade were gazing with awe, admiration and wonder on the scene.

And yet, while all was well in St. George Street, there was considerable consternation in more distant spheres.

Clothiers and others who had been impressed by the plausibility, references and general appearance of Messrs. Levene and Frankel, and had supplied goods to the dashing firm, grew worried at the fact that they were slow in settling up their accounts.

Too superior to pay

As time passed, bills poured in upon the enterprising partners who, as later events will show, were not in the least perturbed. They retained their frigid air of superiority.

At this stage in the proceedings there came upon the scene a Mr. Lutsky, who was equally as important, equally as suave and equally as ambitious.

Mr. Lutsky, by means of some secret arrangement with Levene and Frankel, became the proprietor of Messrs. Levene and Frankel, and henceforth "Lutsky and Co." was the name that adorned the same workshop and, in its turn, became the centre of attraction.

However, "Lutsky and Co." was not, as its name suggests, controlled solely by Mr. Lutsky.

Levene and Frankel remained on and, inspired by the assistance of the third "director," carried on the business with renewed vigour and with no falling off of arrogance.

"Lutsky and Co." cheerfully ignored the ever-increasing number of bills for "Levene and Frankel" which arrived daily. Even more goods were ordered and the trinity of tailor-made twisters still filled their rôle of the greatest men in the street.

Eventually, a creditor who had supplied something like £300 worth of goods, and who had become weary of applying to "Lutsky and Co." for settlement, took action, and "Lutsky and Co." vanished.

They vanished, about three weeks ago, because this creditor was not as other creditors were. He was not content with threatening and with county court summonses.

He went straight to the police—and the police were the last people whom this trio was anxious to meet. Why, we shall explain.

"Lutsky and Co." left behind them quite a lot of things, but nothing they wanted themselves. They left the rent unpaid. The instalments on the machinery is in arrears.

The brains behind

With a pile of bills still on the mat under the letter-box, the landlord is spending a considerable portion of his time answering callers anxious to locate the whereabouts of Levene, Frankel and Lutsky.

We are able to reveal, however, something about the true characters of these gentlemen.

Isaac Levene and Samuel Frankel (to give them their full names) are no new hands at this get-rich-quick type of swindle.

As a matter of fact, they both got rich so quickly a little while ago that they were charged at Old Street and bound over.

We trust that, after these exclusive disclosures, it will not be long before Levene and Frankel, a priceless pair of tailor-made twisters, who were undoubtedly the brains behind this artful dodging, are again sewing mail-bags under the auspices of the Crown, instead of sewing the seeds of fraud in another unsuspecting locality.

Low-Down Mr. Lowe

Bunkum and Bunk

TO the already long list of gentlemen whose business methods are such that we are compelled to advise our readers to steer clear of them must now be added the name of a certain Mr. Sydney Kyrle Lowe.

In June of last year a resident of Victoria Street, S.W., answered an advertisement for an active director with a qualification of £500, and was soon in touch with Lowe, who was then trading as Aspink and Co., jewellery and antique dealers, of Berners Street, W.

It was explained that the scheme was to turn the concern into a limited liability company, for the incoming director to take up 500 £1 preference shares, have charge of the London office and receive £512 a year.

Fictitious promise

This scheme did not materialise, but the gentleman agreed to a partnership and invested money on the strength of a promise of half the profits.

But, although the firm appeared [illegible] prosperous on the surface, all the [illegible] investor received during subsequent weeks was a bunch of excuses coupled with a few paltry amounts supposed to be profits.

Modest premises

Becoming suspicious, he asked to see the books, but Lowe refused, and now, although he has sought legal aid, the investor is quite unable to obtain £30 6s. 3d. owing to him.

Lowe, we find, has now absconded, much to the relief of his landlord, but to the disgust, not only of the duped partner, but also of a West End firm of fancy goods merchants, from whom Lowe obtained goods to the value of £66 6s. 4d.

Aspink and Co. was registered by Lowe in May, 1927. He was then living at 20, Cambridge Avenue, Kilburn, N.W. The firm's premises at Berners Street at no time amounted to more than one room, and sometimes half a room.

We happen to know that Mr. Lowe was seen at his Kilburn address some months ago, but not since. We trust that it will not be long before he emerges from his obscurity and explains his low-down methods.

A Callous Cad

Poor Old Horses!

WE cannot share the doubt of the Linton magistrates as to whether Martin Slater, aged thirty-nine, a farm manager, of Grange Farm, West Wratting, should have been sent to jail for cruelty to horses of an exceedingly diabolical character.

A taste of prison would have been by no means an excessive punishment.

As it was, he was fined a total of £50 on four summonses, the presiding justice remarking that it was the most disgraceful case ever heard before the Bench.

We will spare our readers all but a few graphic details of Slater's brutality.

Old and helpless

On one occasion an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. saw in Slater's yard four horses attached to a dray.

On one of them, which was aged about twenty, there was an absolute absence of any muscular tissue, and it was literally pulled along by the other three.

The man in charge said it did not get enough food.

The inspector also saw another three horses being worked with a plough.

On the shoulders of the middle one, aged about fourteen, were open sores, with another open sore on its back. It must have been unfit for work for at least a week.

Bag of bones

In a third instance there was a mare, aged about twenty, that was simply a bag of bones, with wounds on the back and breast that were in a filthy state and absolutely neglected.

In other cases, too, horses were being worked in an unfit state. They had open wounds on their backs and a veterinary surgeon said he had never seen such miserable horses. They were underfed and neglected.

We feel that, although those who worked the horses (and they, too, were fined) have little to be proud of, a man in Slater's position, whose duty it was to supervise, can only be regarded as a callous and contemptible cad.

THERE is a decided move towards peace among the nations, too long delayed by politicians. Not less to be desired is peace in industrial life. This, too, will be secured when employers and employed get together, with the one avowed object of mutual benefit

I Tell A Secret

by His Grace the DUKE OF MONTROSE, C.B., C.V.O., D.L.

THE "Locarno spirit" is abroad between nations. It is good that something of the sort is also developing in this country between "Capital" and "Labour"; for what is the use of peace abroad if we are to dwell in camps and have war at home?

The first requisite is undoubtedly for masters and men to get together; but not merely to get together, but to do so in a spirit of mutual trust and with a will to see industrial relationship placed on a better footing.

Recriminations about the past or "the has been" can do no good. It will not get us a step further forward, and after all what is the use of it?

What can it do except keep alive bitterness and hatred that would be much better dead, buried and forgotten? What possible purpose can recriminations serve except to widen the breach that ought long ago to have been closed?

Both sides, masters and men—or, as I prefer to put it, employers and employed co-workers in industry—can, no doubt, rake up incidents which stand to the credit of neither, and the less said about them the better.

Knowing each other

We all know it is not true that workmen have horns and tails and that masters have wings. Angels and devils are to be found in both flocks.

Employers and workmen are both human, and they could get along better if they both got this fact well into their heads.

What we want in order to make progress in our affairs is a better understanding between all, coupled with faith and more trust.

It is in this matter of knowing each other that I think we who live in the country are better situated than those who live in the towns. Life is more natural, more simple and therefore more true.

There is less room for a man to pretend he is what he is not. Everybody knows all about him.

Whether it be a 'squire or a workman, each knows the other; whether he is rich or poor, they are likely to be personal friends, as their families have been for years.

It is a ridiculous assumption that "dollars" must necessarily make friendship impossible.

It is well to recognise that among the poorest there are some of the finest characters, and when people, poles asunder in the matter of means, meet on the common floor of friendship, they bring to one another quite unconsciously understandings and ideas which are of much benefit to all.

The more true the friendship the less thought of class distinction there is. In fact, the bigger the snob the more he talks and thinks about "one's betters," "special distinctions," "sectional interests" and "class feeling."

No time for tub-thumping

Beware of the man, be he master or workman, who talks rubbish like this! He is out for something! He is the man who hopes to serve his own interests by keeping employers and men at arm's length.

The man who is really genuine "gets on with the job." He has no time for tub-thumping, no time for "class," "interests" or any such follies.

I once knew an employer of labour whose proud boast it was that while his grandfather founded the business, he and his brothers served their apprenticeship in it, and knew every man personally, and that during all the many years that had passed they never had a single day's idleness through strikes.

He told me, further, there was not a single trade unionist in the works, and they employed over 1,500 men: the whole of the relationship between Capital and Labour depended on mutual faith and good will.

The lost touch

Then came the war, with huge developments and ever-increasing numbers of employees. Trade unions were formed and regulations were put in force by outside officials, and now the employers had lost touch with the man and labour disputes and petty strikes are frequent.

I do not blame the trade unions for the changed conditions, but I do say that it is the loss of the "personal touch" and intercourse as between employer and employee that has done the damage.

Under modern conditions I do not see how the "man to man" touch can be possibly restored, but joint councils or committees on a representative basis in all big works would seem to provide the only means of "getting together" again.

The foundation upon which good relationship can be established in this way must mean the placing of all the cards on the table by both sides, and employers must understand as clearly as the workmen that when all facts are considered it may not be possible to have everything as they would like, and that sometimes there are more important things to be considered than money.

I firmly believe that payment by results should figure somewhere in the scheme of things. I agree that there must be a minimum basic wage, but a good workman showing a good output should have it open to him to make a really additional "fat" wage, and to that extent raise himself and family to a position in which they could better themselves still further.

Economical certainty

But—and it is an important "but"—the worker must understand that in industry no greater wage can be paid than the output earns.

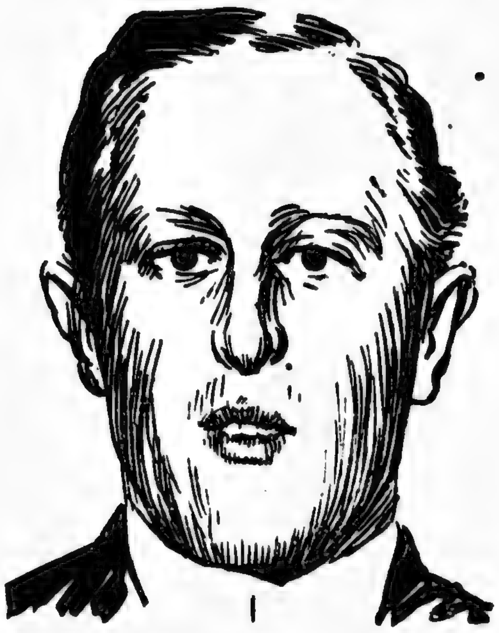
If you want more wages you must produce more goods. If the employer wants more profits he must increase the efficiency of his works and see that his output is greater. And neither the one nor the other will happen unless there is a real willingness to pull together.

I know the case of an excellent man who has a hopeless son. They both work in the same employment, and while the father by his skill and industry could earn almost any wage, the son, by his indolence, earns little more than his keep.

Both men are strict trade unionists and so both receive the similar wage, but so far as output is concerned the father is carrying his full-grown son on his back all the time.

On the other hand, I know of several instances where, in addition to the regulation wage, some payment has been added on a percentage basis according to results, and in all cases the increased and evergrowing output is remarkable.

One thing employers must guard against and that is that, however big the remuneration may grow—so long as the output can afford it—there should be no reduction in the rate of payment by result. A good man with a paying output is always worth his wage, however big a sum he receives.



His Grace the Duke of Montrose, C.B., C.V.O., D.L.

In the matter of hours of labour there should be no objection to a reasonably short day, provided the fixed standard day's output is reached, which quantity of output is necessary for the general prosperity of the business. Granted a fixed quantity of labour is required, what does it really matter whether the same is done in six hours or eight?

Workers as directors

The essential point is that not less than the fixed and necessary quantity of labour must be performed. Short hours are really an advantage; the monotony of labour in trades where demarcation is strict, is terrible indeed. Fatigue and loss of interest ensues; the result in the job is nothing like the same as if it were performed by a properly rested and refreshed mind.

I have not much faith in profit-sharing as a cure for industrial ills unless the losses be shared as well as the profits, but certainly the way should be open in all producing businesses for workers, if they wish, to buy the company's stock as ordinary shareholders.

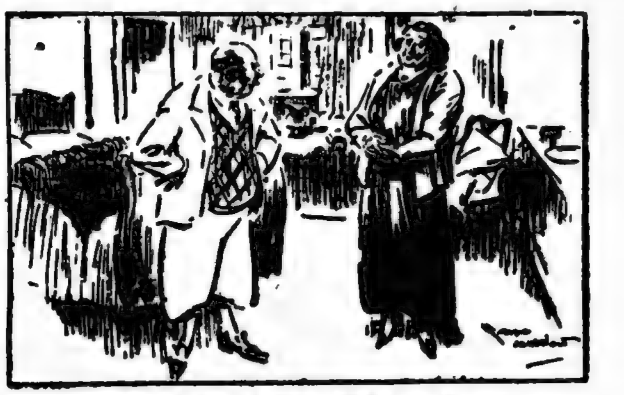
The acquisition of shares will help them to understand the business and at the same time allay the feeling that the employing capitalists must of necessity take all the profit. Wherever possible, a duly elected working man should be a director on the board and should be responsible for advice upon all labour problems and policy.

Keep out politics!

I never can understand in the case of a producing business why, when labour represents about 70 per cent. of the total costs, it is generally given a back seat when the board is constituted. I have known a few Labour men who have been given a chance in directing business, and in each case they have brought in brains as good as any on the board.

In conclusion, I would say, Keep work and politics separate. Now and again, of course, they must touch at a certain angle; but as a matter of principle let work be, as it were, the public life and politics the private.

By all means let us have trade unions and employers' associations. Industry to-day is too big and varied to govern, except through responsible organisations. But whatever work these bodies do, let it be done strictly in the best interest of business, in mutual good will and faith, and apart from all such considerations as class feeling and Party politics.



VISITOR: "You ask thirty shillings for the room and yet you wrote to say you had rooms for ten and twenty shillings."
LANDLADY: "Well, what are ten and twenty shillings?"

Laugh at this one!

The above is a typical joke from "The Passing Show" — Britain's Brightest Weekly. Become a regular reader of "The Passing Show" and you will find more smiles in life than you ever found before! If you will undertake to give "The Passing Show" a fair trial we will present you with a wonderful Gift Free, because we are sure that after your trial you will wish to remain a regular reader. Read all about our amazing offer on this page.

FREE

A magnificent double Gift offered Free to "John Bull" readers

Who will give "The Passing Show" a fair trial.

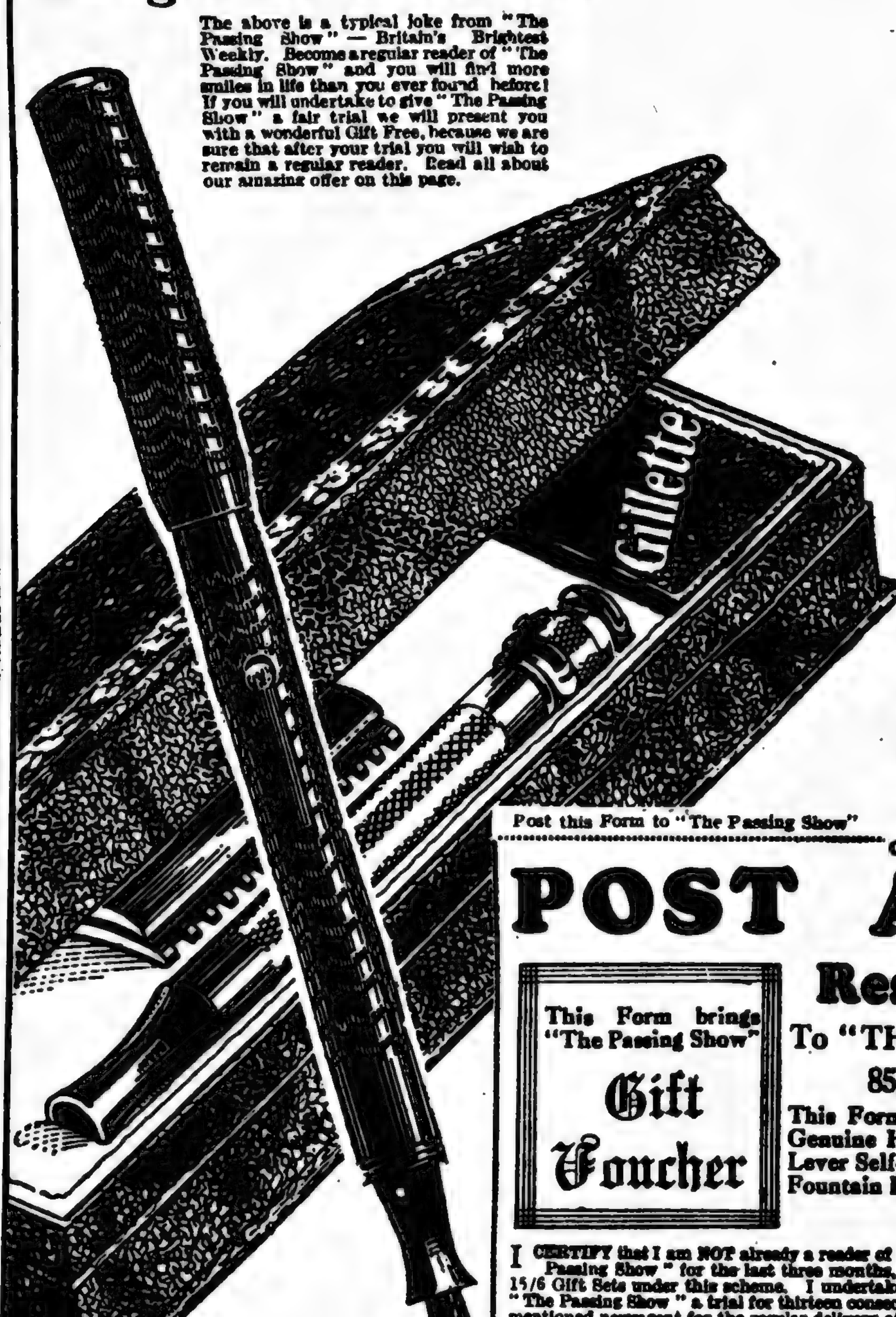
ONCE again we give "John Bull" readers an opportunity of sharing in one of the most wonderful gift offers ever made. **If you are NOT ALREADY a reader** of "The Passing Show," and if you will undertake to give "The Passing Show" a trial for thirteen successive weeks, we will present to you absolutely FREE a superb double gift consisting of a genuine Half-guinea "Gillette" Razor Set AND a 5/- Lever Self-filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen, fitted with a 14-carat **solid gold nib,** iridium tipped. In order to qualify for your 15/6 Gift, we ask you to cut out and affix thirteen consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "The Passing Show" to the Gift Voucher, which will be sent to you on receipt of the Reservation Form below.

Directly your Gift Voucher properly completed is received by "The Passing Show," your FREE 15/6 Double Gift will be forwarded to you without delay. **There is no catch. The full conditions are printed in the bottom left-hand corner of this page.**

Obviously we could not afford to make an offer of this nature were we not reasonably certain that after you have taken "The Passing Show" for thirteen weeks you will then wish to remain a regular reader.

Every week "The Passing Show" brings before you the cleverest work of the world's greatest humorists. It is the best thing in black and white for the blues. **Fill in the forms below To-day. Hand the ORDER FORM to your Newsagent. Post the RESERVATION FORM to "The Passing Show." Upon receipt of the Reservation Form, a Gift Voucher will be posted to you and at the same time a 15/6 Gift will be set aside and reserved in your name. ACT NOW!**

THE
PASSING SHOW
BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST WEEKLY—TWOPENCE.



Rules and Conditions

The object of this scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "The Passing Show." We reserve the right to disqualify for our Gift any applicant who shall be found upon verification to be already a reader. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "The Passing Show" for the last three months. In order to qualify for the Gift Set, it is necessary for the new reader to place an order with his newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show." When applicants have qualified for Gift Sets they are required to send One Shilling to cover cost of packing, postage, insurance, and pocket clip, etc. Not more than one member of a family living at one address may qualify for one of these gifts. This offer applies only to persons residing in the British Isles.

Post this Form to "The Passing Show"

CUT HERE

POST AT ONCE

This Form brings "The Passing Show" Gift Voucher

Reservation Form

To "THE PASSING SHOW" (Dept. J.3,)
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This Form reserves in your name the double gift of a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-Filling Fountain Pen. Z J.3

Leave space above blank.

I CERTIFY that I am NOT already a reader of "The Passing Show," and that I have not purchased "The Passing Show" for the last three months, also that I have not already qualified for one of the Free 15/6 Gift Sets under this scheme. I undertake, commencing with the number on sale this week, to give "The Passing Show" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. I have to-day placed an order with the undermentioned newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," and give his name and address for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name your Free Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-Filling Fountain Pen, and also send me the Special Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for my gift. As I have now placed a standing order for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," please register me under "The Passing Show" Free Travel and Accident Insurance Gift and send me Registration Certificate setting forth full benefits and conditions. N.B.—You may post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Applicants MUST also enclose halfpenny stamped addressed envelope to cover return postage on Gift Voucher and Registration Certificate.

New Reader's Name ....
Address ....
....
New Reader's Signature ....
Newsagent's Name ....
Address .... Date..............

CHECKED AND VERIFIED

Don't forget to enclose halfpenny stamped addressed envelope to cover return postage.

☞ PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. (J.B., 30.6.28)

Kindly cut the above form out neatly round the dotted line.

Hand this Form to your Newsagent.

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

ORDER FORM

"The Passing Show"
(Twopence Weekly)

To..............................
(Name of Newsagent)
Address..............................
....

Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................
Address..............................
....
Date.............. ....

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR,—More than a quarter of the total seamen employed in the British Mercantile Marine are Lascars, and I venture to think that the public will be both astounded and disgusted to learn that the proportion is so great. That they chance to be cheap is no excuse at a time when so many English seamen are out of a job, and I invite you to place patriotism before the interests of wealthy employers and greedy shareholders. JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Col. the Rt. Hon. WILFRID ASHLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Transport.

DEAR SIR,—You agree that detailed research into the main cause of road accidents is desirable, so why delay? Granted that some points urged by the National "Safety First" Association are controversial, about others there can be only one opinion. Footpaths in all country districts are desirable. Obsolete road signs need removing, and a standardised system of erection must be evolved. The constant toll of death on the roads is too serious to brook delay. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. JOHN HENRY WHITLEY, M.P.,
Brantwood, Halifax.

DEAR SIR,—You have earned your retirement from the most onerous post in Parliament. That you have held it for four successive Parliaments with dignity and distinction, and most of all without giving offence to any, says much for your level-headed common-sense and courtesy. You have left a hard task to your successor, who will join with us all in wishing you many years in which to find congenial work now more suited to your strength. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.,
Eccleston Square, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—You insist that the world's paramount need is a policy of pacific internationalism, with human morality as its guiding principle. War is the antithesis of all that is moral and of good repute, hence there can be no such thing as a righteous war. It is too bestial to be anything but vile, under any combination of circumstances. JOHN BULL.

To Sir JOHN SANDEMAN ALLEN, M.P.,
Chairman, Royal Colonial Institute, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—This month your society celebrates its diamond jubilee. I congratulate you on the work you have carried on for sixty years in educating the people to a fuller knowledge of the Empire. You are to be known in future as the Royal Empire Society. Your change of name involves no change of function; it simply recognises that the British Empire is now a Commonwealth of Free Peoples. Keep your diehards in order, and your society will flourish. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P.,
Claremont Farm, Esher.

DEAR MADAM,—I welcome your information that ambitious girls are planning on paper soaring dreams which one day will materialise into tangible housing. It is essentially a woman's question and already some have shown their aptitude for architectural enterprise. If this could be wedded to a passionate desire to rid the country of slums, the new feminine vote would mean the quick solution of the housing problem. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. C. BACON, D.D.,
St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Enfield.

REV. SIR,—Your inauguration of "Sunday Sportsmen's Services," which you invite your congregation to attend in plus-fours or flannels, and to bring their clubs and racquets with them, shows you to be a broad-minded cleric who moves with the times. I prophesy your innovation will prove a huge success. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ROBERT WALKER,
Corn Exchange Building, Manchester.

DEAR SIR,—When the London Co-operative Society opened a branch at Harringay, an organisation known as the National Traders' Defence League filled the district with leaflets written by you, which are held to be misleading. The only effect of your literary effort seems to have been to popularise the movement you sought to damn. It is not easy to gull people to-day, is it?
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. PLATTEN,
Magistrate, Tottenham Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—You are determined that the police shall not be reprimanded in your court, as you claim it makes them so jumpy that they do nothing. "It is not fair." But is it fair to convict a civilian on uncorroborated police evidence which is not absolutely conclusive? After all, the prisoner is entitled to any reasonable doubt, and if you decline to censure a careless constable you may get your own knuckles rapped by a higher authority than yourself. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. ALF MANSFIELD,
Peckham Park Road, S.E.

DEAR MADAM,—As pluckily as your husband faced his pugilistic opponents did you face the stunning blows of adversity when blindness came upon him. Now you have managed to get into a little general shop, where you smilingly serve customers whilst Alf sits dandling the twins on his knees. Many would have taken the count, but you possess the grit that wins through. I raise my hat to you. JOHN BULL.

To the COMMITTEE,
The Ardsley Churches United Gathering.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Instead of "viewing with alarm" the practice of Sunday golf obtaining in your village and fearing the effect on your boys and girls, why not rely on the strength of the spiritual teaching you profess? If this is of the right quality, the boys and girls of your village will not be ruined by the sight of a few folk knocking golf-balls about. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. THOMPSON ELLIOTT, M.A.,
Leeds Vicarage.

REV. SIR,—You regard the erroneous and pernicious ideas that children hold about God as entirely due to bad teaching. It is certainly productive of untold harm to train youngsters into believing that God behaves in a way that is mean and capricious. If children must be given man-made ideals, let them be such as lead to decency. JOHN BULL.

To the MAGISTRATES,
Rochester Police Court.

GENTLEMEN,—I am amazed at your decision that one month's imprisonment is sufficient to bring home to Agnes Helen Warden, the enormity of her conduct. This creature is alleged to have robbed a young servant girl of her wages, cut off her hair, and persistently ill-used her so that a doctor testified to "terrible injuries inflicted by brutal assaults." A month's imprisonment for such viciousness amounts to magisterial contempt of offence. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR R. THOMAS, M.P.:—"Belgium to-day, from a business point of view, is in a happier position than we are!"

Which proves that the chief victor doesn't always get the best out of a war.

• • •

DR. EDWARD LYTTELTON:—"Ten years of ordinary school teaching sends out 80 per cent. of secondary school pupils into the world with no love of learning."

A notable contribution to our frequently expressed disgust at ordinary school teaching.

• • •

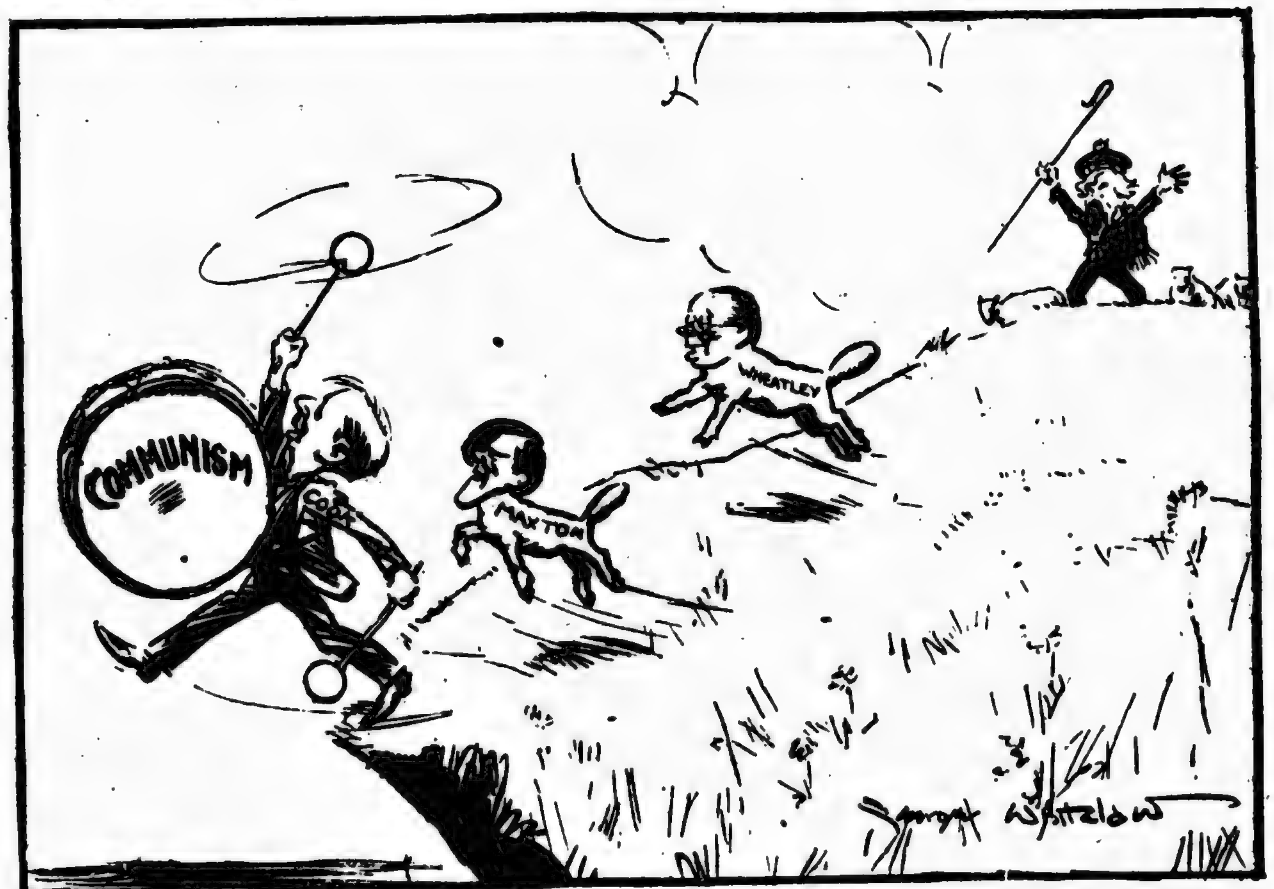
MR. W. GRAHAM, M.P.:—"There is no reason why anyone should give way to despair regarding the prospects of British trade."

Nor sit down tamely to see those prospects ruined by a rotten policy.

• • •

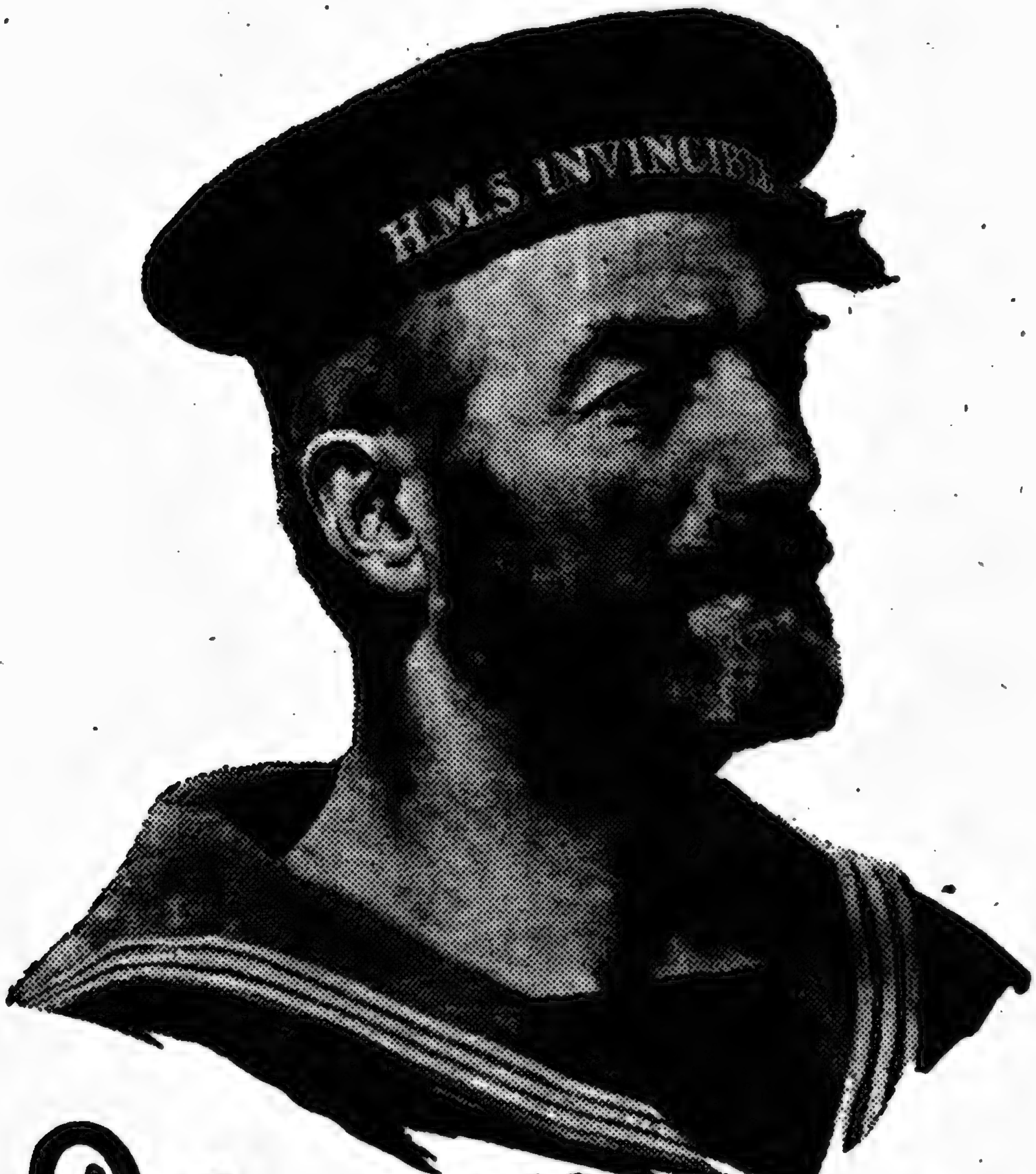
MR. H. WILLIAMS, M.P.:—"An adequate wage is entirely relative."

Therefore wages should be on a rising scale to keep pace with a rising standard of living.



THE DESERTED SHEPHERD

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"



Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

REGD. No. 154,011

N.C.C.

PLAYER'S "*MEDIUM*" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 *for* 6^{D}, 20 *for* 11$\frac{1}{2}^{D}$

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

THE RUINATION ROARERS

AN UNHOLY COALITION

Saying It With Manifestoes!

MR. MAXTON and Mr. Cook are going to join forces and show the Labour Party what real ginger means!

They are not going to have any compromise with the "capitalist" system, they are going to protest against moderation and they are going to make things hum, and they simply will *not* have peace in industry.

They have issued a "manifesto." Well, if the world could but be saved by manifestoes it would have been saved long ago, for every addle-pated firebrand with nothing to say has always "said it with manifestoes"!

But the world is not improved with high-sounding phrases. Differences are not adjusted by banging drums and letting off fireworks.

The evils of modern life can only be overcome by reason and patience and the pooling of wisdom. The conference-table and not the battlefield is the only place at which real progress can be made.

We have seen to our cost what the gospel of people like Maxton and Cook has done for coal. It has healed no hurts, solved nothing, settled nothing.

We are seeing to-day what a similar spirit is doing for cotton. Two disputes, each over one single person, have already resulted in the locking out of 10,000 operatives at Nelson for over three weeks.

We are within an ace of a complete cotton lock-out, a disaster only second to the coal stoppage in the effects it would have on trade.

THERE are still over a million unemployed, there is still no easily perceptible revival of trade, but for all that our preposterous kings of chaos will have nothing to do with co-operation and conciliation. They want a "class war"—and utter and irremediable ruin.

We do not refer only to Maxton and Cook. There are equally stupid firebrands among the employers. Folly is no less folly because it wears a silk hat!

It is, when crowned by a silk hat, criminal folly, because it carries power with it, power to harm or power to heal.

There are certain employers, just as there arecertain trade union leaders and politicians, who are determined to have no harmony and no friendliness between class and class.

We suspect all such people. What are they getting out of the perpetuation of bitterness and strife? What is their motive in fanning the flames? What personal gain are they hoping to achieve?

The politician and the trade union leader want personal power—and they do not care who suffers, nor on whose backs they climb.

The employer who sets out deliberately to foment class hatred is usually the short-sighted wage-reducer, the sweater and the inefficient.

WE have no time for any of them. We trust none of them. We heartily dislike them all.

The Industrial Peace Conference, composed of the Trades Union Conference General Council and representative employers, headed by Sir Alfred Mond, is the first really hopeful step that has been taken in recent years.

Naturally it is like a red rag to a bull where our professional discontent-mongers are concerned. *If there really was peace in industry their occupations would be gone!*

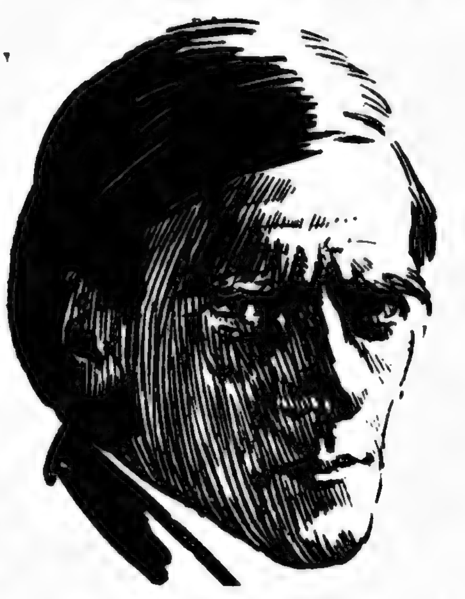
We make a very serious appeal to the workers of this country. When people come to you and tell you that class warfare and revolution will solve your problems, ask yourselves in whose interests this suggestion is *really* made.

How are *you* going to benefit by chaos and disorder, by strife and bitterness? How is industrial unrest going to fill the mouths of your wives and children?

The questions have only to be asked to be answered. There is no prosperity except in peace.

We are quite certain that the common-sense of the British working men and women will lead them unhesitatingly to back every genuine effort to establish solidly friendly relationships in industry.

We are equally certain that those who think otherwise are in for a very rude awakening.



Mr. J. Maxton, M.P., whose "manifesto" has been repudiated by the Independent Labour Party

JUSTICE!

£8,210 9s. 1d.

JOHN BULL is the most consistent and uncompromising opponent of militarism. It is for just that reason that it has stood out equally firmly for justice to war's victims.

We have no patience with the blatant "patriotism" that stands bawling from every available platform for other men to go to the war, but does not care one jot what happens to the men who live to come home when the war is over.

If all the hopelessly wounded, the blinded, the insane, the shell-shocked, the legless, the armless, still alive from the last war, could be marched through the world in one long procession, that in itself would stop war.

But they cannot. They are here, there and everywhere, many hidden away and only seen, very often, by their nearest and dearest.

Some come to us. We help them to recover from the Ministry of Pensions the promised pensions of which they have been most shamefully defrauded.

It is almost impossible to calculate the sum total of our successes where the total value of the awards and increases must depend on life duration.

But we have obtained arrears of pensions for armless and legless men entitled to an increased rate on account of the length of their stumps; need pensions and constant attendance allowances have been granted; we have secured increased dependency premiums on the grounds of pecuniary need and seen to it that recovery of over-issues were waived.

In the last eighteen months the minimum value of our pensions successes is £8,210 9s. 1d.

Now the Ministry is closing the doors. After August 31 next no new claims on account of disabilities due to or aggravated by war service will be considered.

That is why we advise those with claims still unsettled to delay no longer, but to write to us at once.

ONE MAN MAKES EXPERIMENT

Good Stock in Hand

OF all resources a great nation can boast the most important is its children. The potentialities of youth are so incalculable.

The destiny of Empire cannot rest with a few. It is in the hands of the lot, a fact far too often forgotten. But for that we should not be so blindly stupid as to educate a handful of children only and turn the rest adrift, half-baked.

The children of the rich are given their full chance. No expense is spared in their training. It does not break off at the most impressionable point. It is continued right up to adult life.

Our professional classes recognise the enormous importance of complete training of adolescence. It may cripple the family resources and turn life into a constant struggle for the parents, but the effort is seldom abandoned until the end is achieved.

With the great mass of child life in the country we are less wise. It needed a terrific fight before the principle even of compulsory education was recognised.

Wells has bluntly told all such economists that ignorance is "social dirt." We warn them it is also a boomerang and one becoming a rapidly rising menace.

For instance, in Durham, there are from 30,000 to 40,000 unemployed miners. Yet that county, every year, must willy-nilly swell the host by turning out of its schools 15,000 boys and girls of fourteen years of age for whom no provision whatever is made.

In greater or lesser degree the same thing is happening all over the country. We agree with the *Manchester Guardian* that the very term "unemployed child" is insanity.

We have constantly pointed out that to turn adrift an annual half-million youngsters to struggle in the labour market while we pay cash to their fathers for enforced idleness is financial lunacy.

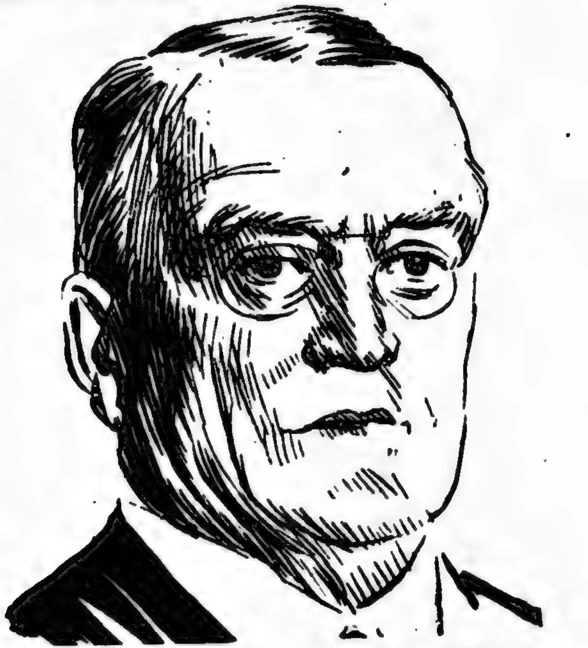
Managers of employment exchanges hate to see such children come. At Grimsby the manager of the local exchange keeps a fully equipped gymnasium going, with an instructor, so that the lads can get physical training. He runs field sports and workshops, woodwork and boot-repairing for boys, and dressmaking and domestic science for the girls. It keeps them off the streets and it keeps them out of trouble.

It is a pretty strong hint to the Government of what its own officials are thinking.

The Terrible Tinker

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE common-sense of any customer, whether it be an individual or a nation, prompts him to buy in the cheapest market. We shall never regain our position in the world of commerce until we lessen very considerably our costs of production



Mr. George Terrell, President of the National Union of Manufacturers

ONE of the chief difficulties of tariffs has always seemed to be the fact that you cannot satisfy anybody unless you satisfy everybody. Unless you are going to ask for trouble you must tax everything.

Mr. George Terrell, President of the National Union of Manufacturers, for instance, recently took a deputation to Mr. Baldwin to complain of the existing procedure in connection with the safeguarding of industries.

It was very unkind of him to say that existing safeguarding procedure had shown "comparatively meagre results" in view of the tremendous claims that are made for it by others.

If you could believe all you hear it would appear that England's industries would have been wiped out many months ago had it not been for the various safeguarding duties.

By any other name

But Mr. George Terrell was not only unkind, he was positively nasty. "Only nine small industries," he said, "employing 50,000 to 60,000 workers—or only one-third of 1 per cent. of the 16½ millions engaged in industry—have succeeded in obtaining safeguarding duties."

What he wanted, I presume, was for all the other industries to be safeguarded as well. That is the worst of it. A tariff is nothing at all but a subsidy in disguise, and when Mr. Smith sees Mr. Jones enjoying such a subsidy he sees no reason at all why he should not have one as well.

When Mr. Smith gets one Mr. Brown does not see why he should be deprived of a subsidy when Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith are both enjoying one. When he gets one, then Mr. Robinson joins in, and so the game goes on.

It is very natural. It is not surprising when money is being given away that everybody wants a share in the loot. Mr. Terrell was not, of course, asking for a general tariff. He said so. He was merely asking for "a simple, straightforward safeguarding procedure."

Waiting for Britain

What he meant quite simply was that the procedure should be so simplified that a duty had only to be asked for to be applied. But if that is not a general tariff, what is it?

While Mr. Terrell was endeavouring to persuade Mr. Baldwin to disregard his election pledges and proceed to build complete tariff walls round these islands in defiance of all the best economic opinion of Europe, the British Government was busy turning down once more at Geneva the Washington Eight Hours Convention which British representatives signed nine years ago, but which the Government steadily refuses to ratify.

Yet an international agreement to limit the hours of labour would deal a severer blow to foreign competition than any amount of tinkering with tariffs.

Not for the first time practically the whole world is waiting for Britain to lead. The Convention, which should have been in force for the last seven years, has been ratified by only eight out of fifty-five members of the International Labour Office—simply because the most influential member has steadily refused to do its duty.

It prefers to tax teapots and paper, silk stockings and dolls' eyes rather than tackle the question of foreign competition in a sane manner.

There are other ways, too, whereby the depression that still hangs over our industries can be lifted.

The best way of all is to start healing our ailing industries from within rather than trying to doctor them from without. Take iron and steel, for instance. There is no more distressed industry in the country. It was iron and steel that made us. Yet to-day instead of making our own we largely import it from abroad.

Interesting experiment

As a result our iron-making plant is idle and thousands of men are unemployed. Now, it is no use meeting a situation of this kind by putting a heavy duty on imported iron and steel. That is merely to play the economic ostrich, bury your head in the political sand and pretend that the problem does not exist.

The only way in which British industry can again compete abroad is by cheaper production.

There is an experiment now going on in the iron and steel industry that is worth the attention of everyone. There has been erected in Oxfordshire, the centre of the largest iron ore field in the country, a demonstration plant which has as its one object the reducing of the costs of producing pig iron from between £2 to £3 a ton to 35s. per ton.

Moreover, the move is one which will enable use to be made of raw material of low grade which cannot be treated economically by existing methods. Since the vast iron ore deposits in Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, which represent half the total iron resources of Great Britain, are of this low grade, it does not need much imagination to see what will happen.

The main issue

Without going into any complicated figures, it is sufficient to say that if it is successful it will make Great Britain once more the cheapest and most efficient producer of iron and steel.

It is a sterling example of the attempt to set one's own house in order before bothering about the state of other people's mansions. It is one of the first attempts I have seen to recognise the profound truth that the prime need of British industry is cheaper production.

It is very curious that we who have always claimed to be a free trade nation should be lagging behind in the changing atmosphere that is sweeping over Europe.

In Sweden, for instance, a proposal to increase the tariff on imported iron was recently rejected by the Government.

In Germany it is being strongly urged that the country must make large reductions in tariffs without any regard to other countries.

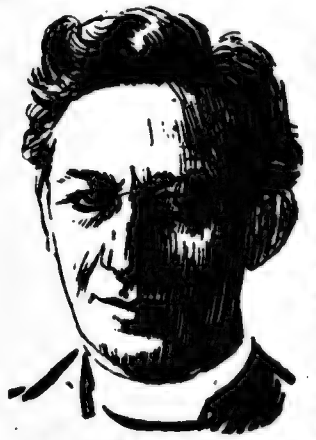
It is becoming increasingly certain that the question of Protection or no Protection is going to be the main issue at the General Election.

In a few months' time the voters of this country are going to have it in their power to determine whether we shall be again a first-class economic power or a steadily receding force in the markets of the world.

Have Dogs

What is wickedness in one section of the people is not less wicked in another. This point is too often forgotten

OUR clerical shepherds are grievously perturbed by the popularity of dog-racing, the increase of betting and the "vulgar greed for money" by which these cancerous curses are caused.



The Bishop of Lichfield

So sad and shocking is the common people's backsliding, that one particularly Dismal Jimmy — the Headmaster of a Public School for the Sons of Gentlemen — has been moved to confide to a Church conference at Nottingham his fearful doubt as to "whether to-day there are not more people betting than working"!

I hope it is not needful to explain that the good gentleman's virtuous distress had not been caused by the fashionable crowd assembled upon that very day at Ascot. Neither had it reference to the rich and titled patrons of Continental baccarat-tables, like the aristocratic wife of a British Cabinet Minister whom I saw *on a Sabbath evening* at Aix-les-Bains, staking £50 on a cast of the cards.

Nor was it induced by the daily gambling on the Stock Exchange, nor by that wholesale commercial gamble which makes some men millionaires that others may rot on the scrap-heap.

No "*vulgar* greed for money" could possibly be charged against gentlemen who wear silk hats in Capel Court or ladies who flash ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in the "rooms" of Biarritz, Deauville or Monte Carlo.

So unworthy a motive was not even attributed to the blacklegs, welshers, thimble-riggers, knavish touts and tipsters, confidence tricksters and thieves who infest our race-courses to prey on "Simple Simons."

NO, the anger of the Church conference—one speaker rudely described it as "humbug, cant and hypocrisy"—was solely reserved for "the poor man's sport," or what another superior critic of the common herd's wickedness, the Bishop of Lichfield, had denounced two days earlier at a diocesan conference as "the gambling instincts of the people."

Now that phrase, like the pearl in the oyster, appears to have been quite unpremeditated. Pearls fortuitously happen while the turgid internal economy of the mollusc is engaged in evolving

The Tragic Prayer Book

by A. G. GARDINER

THE secular control of a Church has always been an anomaly. It is now seen to be an anomaly which it is impossible to work. Liberate the Church from the State and the people will see that justice in every way is done

THERE is one feeling in regard to this unhappy Prayer Book crisis which we shall all share. Whatever our views, we cannot but sympathise with the aged Archbishop of Canterbury, whose long tenure of his great office is ending in defeat and failure. It is a cruel fate, for if anyone ever deserved success he has deserved it.

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the doctrinal issues that have brought about the crisis, but there are certain considerations we must all face, if not as Churchmen, then as politicians. There is no need to enlarge upon the origins of the crisis. They are written plainly in the history of the last century.

Ever since the famous Oxford Movement of the 'forties there has been a revolt within the Church against the conception of the Christian faith adopted at the Reformation and embodied in the Prayer Book.

This revolt has not come from the laity. It has come from a certain element of the clergy, who, not being appointed by the laity or liable to be dismissed by the laity, have had the power of giving a personal bias to the teaching of the Church. The bias has been towards the Roman Catholic doctrine.

Deep-seated distrust

This movement is ecclesiastical. It has never been popular. The deep-seated distrust of Popery is a permanent character of the English people, and the exaltation of the priestly function has always been resented by public opinion.

Periodically the feeling of the people against the ritualistic developments within the Church has burst into flame, but those developments have never been checked. After each explosion the Anglo-Catholic movement emerged more powerful than it was before.

Little by little, step by step, the teaching of the English Church as formulated in the Prayer Book was modified in hundreds of parish churches throughout the country. The plain, simple service of the past was changed into something new and strange, perfumed with incense, decorated with symbolic garments, invested with an atmosphere of mystery and magic.

The Communion-table became the altar, and the Communion the Eucharist if not the Mass. The clergyman was no longer a clergyman, of the same character as his flock; he was a priest, the guardian of mysteries which passed understanding and could not be revealed to the plain mind.

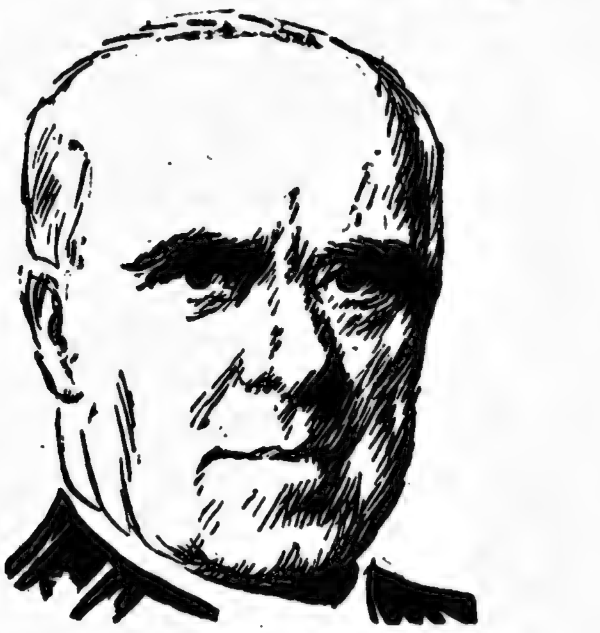
Empty threats

How far this movement has gone may be illustrated by a document which was published the other day in the *Times*. It was signed by a number of leading Anglo-Catholics and was declared to represent the belief of over 2,000 Anglo-Catholic priests of the Church of England.

It was a declaration of the doctrine of the Real Presence—the doctrine, that is, that the priest performs the miracle of converting the bread and wine of the Communion-table into the actual flesh and blood of Christ. Cardinal Bourne could not have stated the Catholic doctrine more crudely.

That is the situation. The Prayer Book is being openly defied, and in an increasing number of cases the teaching of the Anglican Church is being brought into closer and closer accord with that of Rome.

Again and again "stern and drastic action" has been threatened, but nothing has happened, and at the present rate of progress nothing seems more probable than that fifty years hence the Catholic doctrine will be dominant in the Anglican Church.



His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury

It is to stop this revolution that the new Prayer Book has been devised, after twenty years of deliberation. The idea is that, armed with a revised Prayer Book, ratified by Parliament, the bishops would be able to deal with the rebels and enforce the observance of the law. I do not think they would, but that is the presumption.

Shackled Church

However, in making the revision, the bishops have made a slight concession to the Anglo-Catholics which is interpreted by the Evangelicals as the thin end of the wedge of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and it is upon this issue that the new Prayer Book has been rejected by Parliament.

What follows? Of course, if the Church of England were a free Church, the course of events would be simple. The bishops would issue the new Prayer Book and the 2,000 clergy who did not accept it and conform to it would go out and form a Church of their own.

But the Church of England is not a free, self-governing Church. It is a State institution. The Prayer Book is a Parliamentary document, and can only be modified with the consent of Parliament.

The bishops cannot revise it in a form that Parliament will accept, and Parliament obviously cannot do the revision itself. The *impasse* seems absolute. And meanwhile the mutiny aboard grows in intensity.

I see no way out except that of disestablishment. The secular control of a Church has always been an anomaly. It is now seen to be an anomaly which it is impossible to work.

The only way out

There is no basis of compromise between those who believe in the Real Presence and those who believe that that doctrine is a monstrous superstition. To attempt to keep two such violently opposed factions in one strait-waistcoat is a cruelty to both and an injury to the cause of religion.

Liberate the Church from State control and the civil war will end. Each party will be free to do its own work in the world and Parliament will be freed from a task it is incompetent to perform.

But which party takes the fabrics and the endowments? Yes, I know that that is the real crux. But first things first. Let us agree that the Church must be free and the question of the distribution of the loaves and fishes will settle itself.

That is a matter in which the wisdom of Parliament and the sentiment of the English people may be trusted to find a just solution.

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oven Hoofs ?

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

pulpy sustenance out of mud. That process naturally distinguishes an oyster from a Bishop. But, all the same, Dr. Kempthorne fortuitously produced a pearl when he denounced betting as an effect of "the gambling instincts of the people."

MOST of the men who have succeeded in art, literature, commerce or politics have "got there" by backing their "gambling instincts." Every move in a free man's life is a gamble. Marriage is a gamble. That girl who has just come across the Atlantic in an aeroplane—ye gods, what a gamble!

Well, the gas-stoker shovelling coke into an oven, the bricklayer carrying bricks up a ladder, the sempstress treadling her sewing-machine, all the poor drudges living in fetid slums and grinding out their souls in drearily monotonous "repetition" work, they have the "gambling instinct" too, the craving for adventure and change, the noble "instinct" of uplift and progress.

Their drudgery never varies, their wages never vary, the dullness of their slums never varies. Their lives are hemmed in, like their houses, with blank and dreary walls. What chance to surmount that wall and tread the unknown pleasaunce beyond, except by a lucky lift from fortune's wheel?

Another five bob over the weekly two quid! Elysium! Eldorado! Picture palace for the kids, a new ribbon for the old girl's hat, an extra pint for the old man!

Ignoble ambitions? Yes. They are more likely to lose a shilling than to win five? True. But we who have zest in our work, variety in our lives, scope for hazard, hope of future, dare we throw stones at the "vulgar greed for money" which prompts Bill Smith, the semi-starved collier, to risk a bob on the dogs?

My Lord Bishop of Lichfield, I venture to suggest that there are ways of attacking this cancerous growth of betting, which might be more useful than that of denouncing "the poor man's sport."

IF the common people could be brought to find encouragement and delight in their daily lives; if they had gardens where they could grow flowers to compete in jolly periodical shows against their neighbours; if they were provided with Palaces of Pleasure where their own bands could play, where their own wives and daughters could dance, where their own choirs could sing; if . . . .

I beg your lordship's pardon. I was forgetting that the cost of these luxuries might interfere with the simple recreations of our better-class people—their exemplars—at Aix-les-Bains, Biarritz and Monte Carlo.

SPOTTY FACES

quickly lose spots this way.

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22nd March, 1928. - *Miss D.E.*

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KILLING A BOGEY!

by COMMISSIONER D. C. LAMB *(of the Salvation Army)*

UNEMPLOYMENT has become a form of social sickness that demands drastic treatment. Up to now the Government has only tinkered with it. Yet until a remedy is found the country must go down and down, with terrible and tragic results

A SPEAKER at the last Central Poor Law Conference held in the Guildhall, London, is reported to have said of the unemployed in his district:

"One-third are good honest workmen, one-third are apathetic and depressed by living conditions, and the remainder are the mental degenerates and the definitely work-shy."

This generalisation is typical of the situation in all parts of the country. What a commentary on the Britain of to-day!

After spending £2,000,000 a week over a period of seven years, we are faced with an unemployment problem which, far from shrinking, daily assumes a more sinister menace in the life of the nation.

Yet Britain could solve that riddle whenever she pleased, and do it at less than the present stupendous cost of the "dole"!

The road to prison

It has been proved that, largely owing to the demoralising influence of the "dole," a new criminal population is springing up in our midst.

The disquieting feature is that this element is mostly composed of a young generation which, qualifying for relief at sixteen years of age, then contents itself by eking out a precarious living by doing odd jobs.

Drinking and gambling at the workers' expense, these youths seem inevitably to gravitate towards the prison cell.

One solution of this growing evil is contained in a letter written to me by Mr. Rudyard Kipling: "Take the best for overseas!" he said. "Then give the second eleven at home a chance!"

That is just what the Somerville Bill to Amend the Empire Settlement Act, 1922, hopes to do. The Bill has unfortunately been held up pending the final report of the Industrial Transference Board.

The members of this Board have been investigating the distressed mining areas, with a view to ascertaining the best methods of transferring workers to places where they have reasonable prospects of employment.

Scope for enterprise

I feel convinced that they are fully aware of the opportunities existing overseas for the right type of settler, and that they will include recommendations for such migration and settlement, together with other suitable schemes.

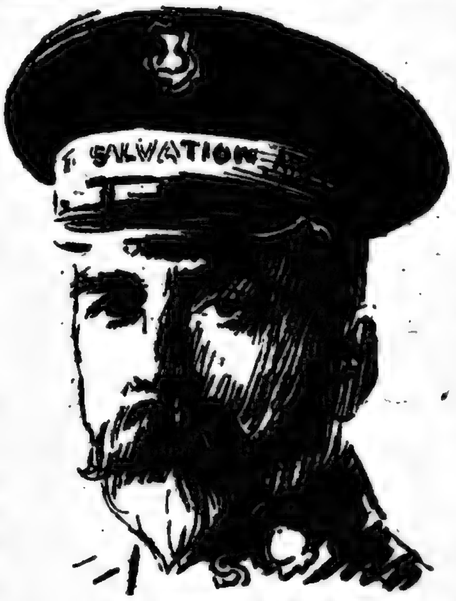
Moreover, emigration should not be encouraged only amongst mine-workers. No one desires to compel any man, woman or child to leave the homeland, but there are many who possess the qualities of the pioneer and the spirit of enterprise.

Adventure calls, yet they are unable to exercise those sterling qualities of the British race mainly because of post-war conditions and lack of means.

Only the other day I heard of an ex-officer who had struggled for two years to find the wherewithal to support his wife and children, and whom we assisted to emigrate.

"There is no work to be got here," he said. "I have tried every trade from the highest to the lowest, but there are no openings!"

Yet when money was found for his passage to Melbourne, within a week of landing he was earning £6 10s. a week!



Commissioner D. C. Lamb

The Dominions demand that all immigrants from this hopelessly overcrowded country shall be of the best physique, and have both the ability and the will to make good. They are right.

Better for all

As a commencement I would capitalise the "dole" and send our best and fittest workers to make their way in these lands of a thousand opportunities, thus paving the way for an enormously greater Empire trade.

Unmarried men who are physically fit, and who have been on the "dole" or in receipt of Poor Law relief for three and often four years, have probably received or cost about £150 during that time.

There is every prospect of their remaining on the "dole" for a further three years!

Thus it would be infinitely better to pay the overseas passage of those men, give them a capital of, say, £100, borne entirely by the home Government, and let them go out to assured and remunerative employment.

Imagine the beneficial result on our present hopelessly overtaxed industries if 200,000 men could be placed abroad within twelve months!

Yet there is nothing to prevent this, provided that the situation is tackled firmly by clear-sighted men who have the courage of their convictions.

Why not have 200,000 wage-earners instead of "dole"-receivers, with a prospect of another 200,000 to follow?

Side by side with this huge emigration scheme, I am in favour of the foundation of labour colonies.

Grave position

Such colonies would be peopled by that last "third," the mental degenerates and work-shy, who would be cared for and taught to perform some useful form of labour.

As they progressed in the scale of mental and manual efficiency, they would be promoted to higher camps where a higher class of work would await them.

Thus gradually they would be taught that work is an essential in the scheme of life, while that small remainder of incurable mental degenerates would remain, as in the past, a standard charge upon the community.

When it is realised that for every skilled man thrown out of a post owing to reduction of industrial staffs, from three to six fellow-workers in allied industries are put on short time, it will be seen at once how grave is our position.

How then can the present conditions, which are a danger, a scandal and a reproach to the name of Britain, be changed for the better? Provision of work for those who are willing to work is the first necessity.

Annual visits to Canada over a period of twenty-four years and four journeys round the world, when facilities were afforded me of studying the prospects before the British settler, have convinced me that great and wide opportunities do exist.

Sure proof

In the past the "Army" has assisted in the transportation and placing abroad of 200,000 settlers. *Out of this huge total less than 1 per cent. have failed to make good!* Could there be any surer proof of the excellent opportunities which our Dominions offer?

I repeat that this country can solve its unemployment problems when it likes.

As one powerful means to that end the Government must amend the Empire Settlement Act of 1922, so that adequate means can be provided for the transplanting of British folk across the seas.

I do firmly believe that then, and not till then, shall we see signs of the arrival of that era of prosperity which has been so long deferred.

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If you want a wonderful gift free and unlimited smiles, turn to page 16.

SECRETS of a BOGUS SURGERY

MEDICAL IMPOSTOR UNMASKED

Still Sinning at Seventy!

CHARLES CAREY FORBES, a bogus doctor, who for the last seven years has had the poor of St. Pancras and Marylebone at his mercy, though possessing no medical qualifications whatever, has at last been unmasked as the rogue and humbug that he really is.

He has just begun, at the age of over seventy, a sentence of nine months' imprisonment, being justifiably described by the judge (the Recorder of London) as "a danger to society."

Forbes is a man with a mania for imposture, and it is edifying to know that for many years the Medical Defence Union has failed in its efforts to stop him from posing as a doctor.

As long ago as October, 1904, when he was being sought by Scotland Yard detectives, who had a warrant for his arrest on a charge of embezzlement, he was extorting fees from poor people who, because his charges were small, regarded him as a benefactor.

Authorities helpless

He had a surgery at 2a, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, complete with brass plate and also an announcement that he attended patients night and day.

By the time the kindly-looking doctor was arrested, however, the people whose money he had embezzled could not be found, and though he appeared before a magistrate, he was discharged for lack of evidence.

This kind of luck has pursued him throughout his career.

Although the medical authorities suspected that he was unqualified and that he was impersonating a Charles Forbes, M.B., Master of Surgery, 1876, M.D., University Glasgow, and D.P.H. Cambridge, 1886, a registered medical practitioner, they could do nothing.

As a matter of fact, their enquiries revealed that the wily pseudo-medico had held appointments as assistant to genuine doctors in several districts in London, and that the one whom he was impersonating had taken up an appointment abroad and had died there.

The General Medical Council decided to test Forbes' claims, and they sent an enquiry which he countered by not only sending full details of the genuine man's qualifications, but also a sworn declaration that they were his own.

Extraordinary procedure

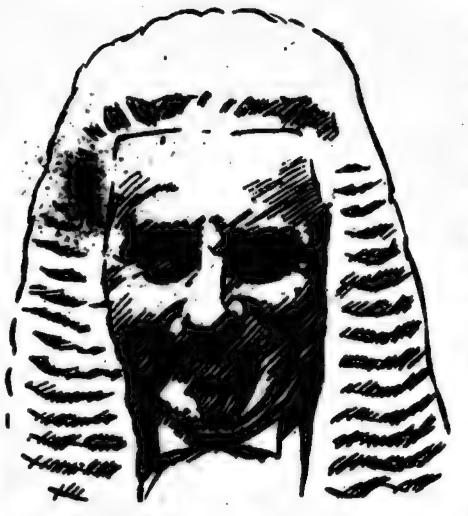
Forbes was informed by the Registrar that the Medical Council was not satisfied with his identity, but he did not reply to the letter.

A piquant feature of the enquiries by the medical authorities was that Forbes was revealed as a man who some years before stayed at a house in Camden Road with his wife, but left suddenly without paying his bills.

It would take too long to give in detail the story of the British Medical Council's further efforts to thwart the bogus doctor's scheme for living on fees provided by poor, ignorant sufferers from ill-health.

But let it be made clear that, owing largely to good luck, he escaped prosecution.

This is attributable to the fact that the Council realised that there would be considerable legal difficulty in proving the man to be an impostor and the Council decided to let the matter drop, but took the extraordinary course of removing from the medical register the name of the genuine Charles Forbes.



Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., Recorder of London, who described the subject of this article as "a danger to society"

No more was heard of the "Dr." until a few years later, when he was arrested for forging and uttering a cheque for £900.

Crest and motto

At his subsequent trial he was found guilty of attempting to obtain a motor-car worth £900 by means of a worthless cheque, obtaining £150 and £24 by false pretences, and incurring debts amounting to £100 by fraud.

In committing these offences Forbes had indulged his penchant for imposture. He posed as "Baron Forbes" and impersonated the real Lord Forbes, of Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire.

To further his attempt to get the motor-car, he went so far as to utter a cheque for £900 drawn on a piece of notepaper from Castle Forbes, Aberdeen, with a crest and motto engraved thereon.

He was given a trial run in the car, and after agreeing to buy it he sent a copy of the Forbes family crest to be painted on the car.

The Forbes crest bears the motto "Grace the Guide," but it was not until too late that the dealers discovered their client to be guided by anything but grace!

It was also discovered that he had sent a photograph of himself as "Baron Forbes of Pitsligo" in his racing-car to the editor of a motor journal for publication, and it duly appeared in the paper.

Other exploits included negotiations with a naval officer, whose car he wanted to buy for £1,000, and the signing of an agreement in the name of Dr. Forbes, which he rendered more impressive by adding the description "Commander Legion d'Honneur."

Naïve reply

All this time he was practising as a doctor.

At his subsequent trial it was shown that in his possession were 200 county court summonses.

But, with characteristic effrontery, he went into the witness-box, admitting the unwarrantable use of the titles he had assumed, but making the excuse that he did it to assist him in private love affairs and for the purpose of exercising influence on a woman whose name he would not divulge.

When asked why he had described himself as a baronet and member of the Legion of Honour, he naïvely replied that it was his own vainglory and foolishness that were really responsible.

He was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, but this appears to have had little effect on him. For scarcely had he left prison than he tried a new exploit at Brighton.

Calling on a jeweller there, he asked to be allowed to take away a diamond ring for which he said he had a customer.

He was then staying at a reputable hotel, and as enquiries showed that that part of his story was true, he was allowed to take away the ring.

Well-deserved punishment

This he immediately pawned and absconded, but he was traced and went back to jail for another six months.

There is no doubt, according to Detective-Inspector Kirchner, who has recently spent much time in tracing Forbes' career, that the latter has for the past few years been frequenting the West End of London, posing as a doctor and prescribing for the ailments of the poorer class of people from whom he has obtained small fees.

He finally placed himself once more within the reach of the law by forging a death certificate in respect of a poor old St. Pancras woman who died while under his care.

It will be generally agreed that his sentence of nine months is richly deserved.

• • •

Does your racing pay? If not, follow the experts in "The Sporting Life." Daily, 2d.

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THERE IS LIFE IN EVERY LOAF

Best Bakers Bake it

HOVIS LTD., LONDON & MACCLESFIELD

COMPANY MEETING.

HOVIS, LTD.

Another Record Year.

The ordinary general meeting of Hovis, Ltd. was held on the 21st inst., at Caxton Hall, Westminster.

Mr. A. H. Dence (the Chairman) presiding, said the balance sheet showed that additions had been made to freehold and leasehold properties. During the year they had acquired the mill and business of the important firm of Messrs. Humphries and Bobbett, of Bristol, which would considerably diminish distribution expenses in that territory. The latest reports from their friends, the Western Canada Flour Mills, were encouraging.

With regard to Hovis itself, the word was a household one, and right well it deserved to be. One of the leading scientific papers, *The Lancet*, published an article in the issue of November 19th, 1927, which demonstrated in a remarkable manner the extraordinary qualities of this well-known bread. Eminent physiologists completely corroborated all that was claimed. Shareholders recommending Hovis to their friends were doing them a good turn. By taking it themselves they were also assisting in their own well-being, for "Hovis" was another way of spelling "Health."

The report was unanimously adopted, and a final dividend of 5 per cent., making 10 per cent. for the year, and a bonus of 5 per cent. were declared.

Terrible Rash Of Pimples On Face Healed By Cuticura

"My daughter had a terrible rash of pimples break out on her face and she was ashamed to go out of doors. It first started with a small pimple on her chin, and soon spread all over her face. It was inflamed and the pimples festered. She could not get any rest at night with the terrible burning sensation.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. In three days I could see a slight improvement so purchased more. Gradually the pimples began to disappear, and after five months' use she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. R. Walker, 157, Empress Rd., Southampton, Eng., May 26, 1927.

Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear, sweet skin, soft, smooth hands and a healthy scalp with good hair.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

£10 FOR £6

THE WORLD'S GREATEST THREE SPEED CYCLE OFFER

Graves 'SPEED KING' 3-Speed Cycle is unrivalled at the price, and is the World's finest value.

Lady's or Gent's Model same price

8/- NOW

Read the specification and you will understand that you would not be robbed if you paid £10 for this magnificent machine.

DUNLOP TYRES (REINFORCED CORD).
RENOLD CHAIN Finest Cycle Chain produced.
MIDDLEMORE Three Coil-Spring Saddle.
STURMEY - ARCHER World-Famed 3-Speed Gear.
Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan.
Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black and Coach lined (or All Black if desired) Price, Carriage Paid £6:0:0

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Complete Approval

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send 8/- now & complete purchase in 14 monthly payments of 8/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

DISTURBING FIRE FACTS

FIDDLERS OF COUNTY HALL

The Fettered Fighters

THERE are no more efficient fire-fighters in the world than our own brigades, and the miracles that they accomplish in the course of a normal year of duty cannot be too highly praised.

Nevertheless, they cannot perform the impossible, and there are certain contingencies against which they must not be expected to fight.

They cannot, for instance, be blamed in any way for delays arising out of icy roads, sudden fogs, snowstorms, etc., yet such delays occur and help to swell the losses by fire to an appalling degree.

They cannot, moreover, take their engines down narrow, tortuous streets and alleyways, nor can they cope as speedily as they could wish with fires in obscure and inaccessible buildings.

They do their best again and again under overwhelming difficulties, but often, in circumstances such as we have just defined, they have to admit some measure of defeat.

Splendid scheme

The problems thus presented are not easy of solution, yet a little while back a splendid scheme was evolved by Alderman H. E. Davis, J.P., retired Mayor of Gravesend, who was formerly chief officer and organiser of the Margate, Westgate, Broadstairs and St. Peter's Fire Brigades.

His scheme was the simple, common-sense idea of a man who understood the nature of the difficulties from long experience.

But it was not a hastily concocted scheme; it was the result of careful study, and every detail was worked out, checked, tested and weighed with infinite care and judgment.

Alderman Davis framed his scheme to cover every contingency—delays, inaccessibility and sudden emergency.

Briefly, he advocated the installation of emergency cabinets at the base of electric-light standards or lamp-posts in the most central position in congested quarters.

These cabinets would be kept locked, but police officers on duty in the particular areas would be provided with a key. There would be a fire alarm, a first-aid cabinet, two lengths of hose-pipe, an axe, a life-line and a jumping-sheet.

Thus, in the event of a sudden outbreak of fire, the constable could go straight to the emergency cabinet, give the alarm from there, and then take whatever preliminary steps the situation called for.

Life-saving seconds

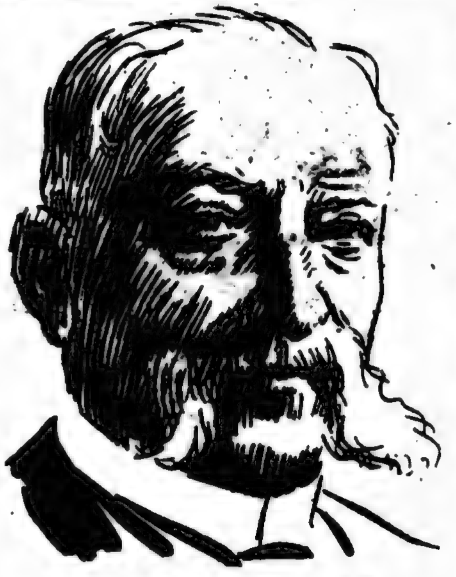
That such prompt steps would render invaluable assistance in saving life and property cannot be disputed, and many actual instances may be cited where action of this sort would have meant all the difference between life and death.

Last year a fire occurred in Wardour Street, which is notoriously narrow. Several women were cut off in an upper storey, with a sheet of flame behind them and a sheer drop to the street below.

By the time escapes could be rushed to the scene and got into position they had sustained severe burns and a rescue was effected only in the nick of time.

Had a jumping-sheet been available within easy distance they might have been rescued unscathed.

In another case, where a riverside factory caught fire at Silvertown, the brigades were held up at a level-crossing for about ten minutes on their way to the fire.



Alderman H. E. Davis, J.P.

Here, undoubtedly, is an instance where the delay would not have mattered so much had the police at the scene of the fire been in possession of emergency appliances of the sort advocated by Alderman Davis.

Hasty rejection

To give a different type of emergency, we may cite a fire at Middlesbrough, where an alarm was given by an eleven-year-old boy, who rushed from a burning building in his night-clothes.

By the time the brigade could reach the spot, another child had perished in the flames.

Again, emergency appliances could have been used with effect by the police.

In another case, great loss of life was occasioned by a fire in one of the poorer quarters of Birmingham; a jumping-sheet in the hands of the police and willing assistants might have made all the difference.

A fire that occurred in the City Road area of London involved a tragedy simply because a constable who was first on the scene could not break down the door.

By the time the fire brigade arrived and gained access to the building an aged man had been burnt to death.

Had this constable been armed with a fireman's axe this victim's life could have been saved.

It would be possible to continue indefinitely quoting actual instances of recent fires where prompt action on the spot would have been invaluable had only the necessary appliances been within convenient distance.

But we do not think that is necessary. The scheme put forward by Alderman Davis hardly needs such qualification; its merits will be readily apparent to everyone.

This being so, the public will be ill-prepared to learn that the scheme was rejected by the London County Council after being considered for scarcely three weeks.

Foolish objection

Apparently, the grounds for this rejection were two-fold.

First, it was argued that the cost involved would be in the neighbourhood of £160,000, and it was not considered that an expenditure of that magnitude would be justified.

Secondly, it was objected that "a policeman would not know which of the appliances would be required for dealing with a particular outbreak of fire."

On the first score, Alderman Davis points out that 500 installations could be made for £50,000, and the possible saving in life or property should be taken into consideration.

The objection that the police would be incapable of using an axe or a hose, or of organising a few members of a crowd to hold a jumping-sheet, seems foolish.

The police have always shown themselves efficient in the case of sudden outbreaks of fire, and it is to increase that efficiency that the provision of appliances is advocated.

Apart from the experience already indicated above, Alderman Davis was at one time surveyor of fires to the Curators of the City of London, Middlesex, Surrey and Essex, so that, apart from the obvious merits of his scheme, it seems a great pity that his suggestions have been given so little consideration.

But we fear that the authorities are incorrigibly slow to grasp any new suggestion.

Lagging behind

It is significant that, as far back as 1886, Mr. Davis propounded a scheme whereby much valuable time could have been saved by the old horse-brigades in harnessing up in the case of alarm. Then, as now, his proposals were rejected.

Yet, immediately after our own authorities had turned that previous scheme down, Davis was awarded a gold medal by the French President for a demonstration of his method! And thereafter it was adopted by the French fire-fighters.

It was fifteen years later that the L.C.C. thought fit to follow the lead that the French had thus given!

* * *

Racing Wizard's Turf Secrets! See "The People" next Sunday.

Miss Diploma offers:-
£200
for
LIMERICK LAST LINES

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
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200 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 BOXES OF CHEESE
EACH CONTAINING SIX 3d PORTIONS
200 TINS of 'CORONET' Milk.

A punt on the stream 'neath a tree,
A crust and some Crustless with thee;
'Tis there I would rest,
With the best and the best,

……

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:
Competition: WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD. (Dept. 7), TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Wednesday, July 11th, 1928.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

Some Winning Last Lines
More than £4,000 distributed already

£50 WINNER.
Said a young married husband named Bill,
"I don't want to grumble, but still,
If you don't get 'Diploma'
You'll find me a roamer"
Her reply saved her house—Keeping Bill

£50 WINNER.
Said an ex-toreador from Vigo,
"I lived on 'Diploma,' you know;
For sinew and muscle
And red blood corpuscle
It's the *last word*—and then the *echo*."

£50 WINNER.
There was a dyspeptic old squire
Whose spirits rose higher and higher,
When he found that with ease
He could eat Crustless Cheese,
He sang Psalms and 'shut up' Jeremiah.

£20 WINNER.
There was a dyspeptic old squire
Whose spirits rose higher and higher,
When he found that with ease
He could eat Crustless Cheese,
Then 'comfortably off' could 'retire.'

'DIPLOMA'
The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire. Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½.

D 47

Your food doesn't do you any good *if you're tired*

TIRED, strained nerves interfere with digestion. At the end of the day's work, it is a good rule to relieve nervous tension *before* eating—by the use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing relaxes and soothes the tired nerves—how the healthy cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes and tones you up all round—so that you are ready to enjoy your food.

Wrigley's also helps digestion *after* meals, by stimulating the flow of natural juices. In addition, it cleanses the teeth, removes all traces of eating or smoking—and sweetens the breath.

What other sweet costs so little and does so much?

WRIGLEY'S

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CHEWING SWEET
SUGAR COATED
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MINT LEAF FLAVOUR

1ᴰ per 4 piece pkt.

Ei. 25a.

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

HUMAN relationships are sacred things. Even when trouble may seem to have caused complete separation, the link is never entirely severed. Frequently, by the irony of Fate, it is only death that reveals that the strained link has never been really broken

FUNERAL of a PHOTOGRAPH

A FEW days ago a pathetic story appeared in the newspapers. It told of an unknown man who had been knocked down by a motor vehicle in Trafalgar Square, and had been carried into my hospital.

As his condition became critical, he was asked for the address of his nearest relative, but he replied that he was alone in the world and had been living by himself in a room in Westminster.

Tenderly the news was broken to him that his condition was hopeless, but he showed no sign of fear or regret. "Life hasn't been all honey," he exclaimed, "and I shall not be sorry to see it end."

Then in a calm voice, he asked for some brown paper and string, and later in the day he handed to the superintendent a small packet, which he said was not to be opened until after his death.

When the man died, the package was found to contain £23 in gold and a faded photograph of a woman. In a note he asked that the "picture" should be buried with him, and that the money should be given to the hospital.

Now let me tell of the sequel to this story. Within twenty-four hours of its publication, a stream of callers came to enquire about this man. All of them were women and with one exception they had come in search of missing husbands. Like a procession of mourners, they came one by one into my room.

Hope and fear

Their faces were all cast in the same mould, for a wonderful kinship is forged on the anvil of sorrow and disappointment. And kinship, as we know, is often defined upon our features.

Each of these callers came with the same dread hope. "We thought maybe," they started, and then simply, sorrowfully, they would tell of the one who was lost to them. Within a few minutes they knew that their errand had been in vain. And back again those callers went with the canker of despair gnawing at their very hearts.

The next day they would look for another clue, never giving up hope until death itself would intervene and relieve them of their tragic search.

"If only I knew where I might find him" was the cry of a man of old. It is still the burden of many a lonely soul. Every SOS message broadcast on the wireless tells its own sad tale.

What the photo told

One of the tragic moments in hospital life is when a dying patient yearns for the sight of a loved one who cannot be found. But I am digressing.

I said a moment ago that my visitors knew that their errand had been in vain. I should have added, "with one exception," for amongst those callers was a woman who identified that unknown man as her husband. And that identification was later confirmed by others who had known them both.

She told me that her age was forty-three, but she looked a good many years older. Time had not dealt with her kindly, and the long years of sorrow had aged her prematurely.

"You don't know what this means to me," said that woman, and her eyes filled with tears. "It's five years since he went away, and now that I've found him, he's dead." Then she asked if she might go up to the ward to find out all about his last days.

When she had gone, a friend who had accompanied her, said, "I begged her not to come, for I felt sure that he could not be her man." "And why not?" I asked. My visitor smiled as she went on. "Well, the papers said that he had £23, and her husband never had a penny in his life."

Here was a drama of life, to be sure.

Philip Inman

How came that man to be possessed of that money in gold, and why did he live by himself when a few miles away his wife was waiting and watching for his return? No one will ever know, for he took those secrets with him to the grave.

When that man's wife returned, she had lost the strained expression which had darkened her face. "Flo," she said to her friend, "it's my photograph. He must have had it with him all the time."

Then she turned to me and asked wistfully, "Did he really want it to be buried with him?" And for answer I showed her his last note.

As she read those words the mist of the years melted away, and a strange contentment took hold of her. And all through a faded photograph.

The Sentence of the Court

SIN IN THE HOP-FIELDS

Vapourings of a Vicar

IT was with an air of settled melancholy that the Rev. H. E. Edwards faced the Court and pleaded "Not guilty" of wholesale slander.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is a vicar of Kent, where, to paraphrase the poet, 'Every hops-pick pleases and only man is vile.' This, at least, would seem to be the case if we accept at its ugly face value an article by the accused in the *Rosherville Magazine.*

"All that can be said in mitigation of this effort is that it was evidently perpetrated under the influence of a painful shock, the said shock having been administered to the vicar by a young man who excused himself from going to church on the ground that 'By the time a man is twenty-one he has learned all about right and wrong.'

"The vicar describes this as 'One of the most appalling statements ever uttered by human lips,' for, he asserts, 'Questions about right and wrong are not questions anyone can answer without a highly specialised training.'

"In other words, only a bloke who has been through a University and has qualified as a wearer of a highly specialised back-to-front collar is in a position to dogmatise on such subtle questions as whether it is sinful to murder one's mother-in-law on a Friday.

"But this arrogant claim is not the main basis of the present charge, for the vicar went on to declare: 'Most people in Rosherville are so stricken by the disease of sin that they are unconscious that their souls are dying.'

"This critic would seem to imply that Rosherville is morally rotten. But when we learn from other sources that no cases of drunkenness, only one of theft, and only one illegitimate birth have been recorded in the last six years, we suspect that a thirst for notoriety rather than a passion for piety inspired this picture of the alleged depravity of the vineyard (or hop-field) where the vicar is supposed to snatch brands from the burning."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client's attitude was summed up in his statement: "There is a science of right and wrong, just as there is a science of medicine." The Church performed the same functions for sick souls as the hospitals did for diseased bodies. But most people, as Mr. Edwards had pointed out, failed to recognise that their souls were diseased and that they were infected with sin.

* * *

"Where doctors are useful," said Mr. Justice Bull, "is in helping to keep us well. If parsons are supposed to perform similar service in the spiritual realm, this eloquent vendor of odoriferous fish stands condemned out of his own mouth.

"What would we think of a health officer who brazenly confessed that his district was a hotbed of disease, with primitive sanitary arrangements and a tainted water-supply? Yet if the moral condition of Rosherville is as bad as the prisoner asserts he stands in much the same position as a hopelessly incompetent health officer.

"In advertising what he calls 'the medicine of immortality' he sought to convince his readers that they were deeply tainted with sin, just as patent medicine quacks try to convince possible clients that they are afflicted with every known disease, from housemaid's knee to grog-fancier's proboscis.

"To mark the Court's disapproval, I direct that the accused be taken to the scene of his crime—namely, the Rosherville 'magazine'—and there 'blown up.'"

* * *

Your annual treat! — Get "The 'John Bull' Holiday Annual," on sale Thursday, June 28. Price 6d.

Libby's Corned Beef and Libby's Tomato Catchup—the meal for any hungry man or woman. Served in a moment—delicious, nourishing, sustaining.

Libby's COOKED CORNED BEEF

Packed in 12oz. & 24oz. Tins for Family use

CORNED BEEF
Libby McNeill & Libby

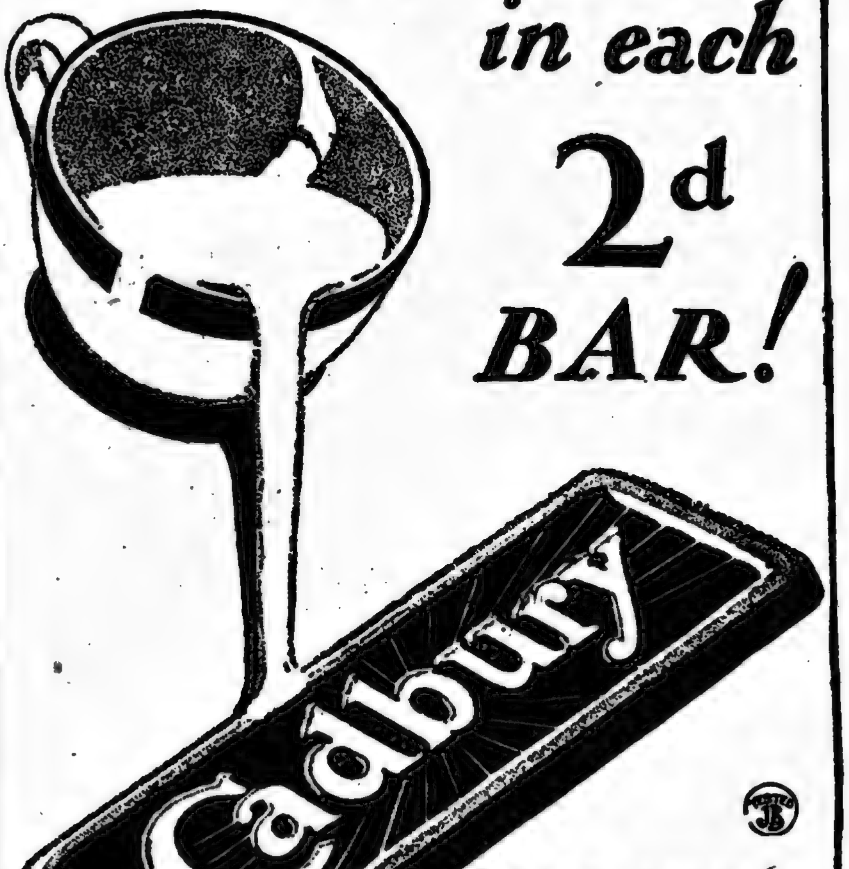
DON'T BLAME FOOD FOR INDIGESTION.

When pain and discomfort follow a meal, don't blame the food and decide to go on diet. Nine times out of ten indigestion, acidity, flatulence and heartburn are caused by excess stomach acid and food fermentation. Even the worst attacks, however, are quickly stopped by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which instantly neutralises the excess acidity, stops fermentation, and soothes and heals the acid-inflamed stomach lining. Make a special point of getting a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets from your chemist today, and so follow the example of those doctors, nurses and hospitals all over the world who use 'Bisurated' Magnesia to end indigestion and allied stomach troubles. With 'Bisurated' Magnesia handy you can eat and enjoy whatever food you fancy without fear of pain or discomfort to follow.

50 Million Lemons are used annually from the Sunny Island of Sicily for making this delicious thirst quencher. Lemonade from Luscious Lemons that's—

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

Half a cup of milk in each 2^d BAR!



Every drop is fresh full cream ENGLISH MILK

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

Also in 6d. Packets and ½ lb. blocks 1/-

BRITISH MOTHERS TO THE RESCUE.

Every mother will have read of the serious plight of British farmers, many of whom cannot make their farms pay.

British Agriculture is our most important industry and it is essential to restore it to prosperity. Everybody can help in some way. Business people can give preference to home production and British housewives can insist on being served with British goods.

After all, the purchase of food is left almost entirely to wives and mothers and the future of British agriculture is largely in their hands.

The importance of dairying is recognised by everybody, yet farmers are producing more milk than our housewives buy. Our own British milk has been proved to be richer and of better quality than the average imported milk, and it is therefore good business and money well spent to buy milk from our own countryside.

You can use milk—English milk—in many ways apart from drinking it. One way (which the children like very much) is in Cadbury's Milk Chocolate Bars. Every one of these 2d Bars is made with half a cup of fresh, full-cream English Milk. When you give your child a Cadbury 2d. Milk Bar, you are giving it amongst other good things half a cup of milk. If every youngster of 14 or under in this country were given two of these a week it would benefit British children and find more employment for British workers. In round figures, in this direction alone British children would be taking 3½ million gallons of milk a year.

'It's a bit 'ot, Mum!'

"But you've got to have it 'ot for linens. You get such a lovely colour on them, especially if you do 'em proper with a Reckitt's Blue.

And then there's Robin Starch! There isn't much I haven't learned about starching and ironing Mum, but I will admit Robin's a real help. There's the gloss in it and it makes the iron glide. Everybody starts level using Robin Starch. Starch with Robin, and you're as good as the best.

Reckitt's Blue, I always say, Mum, for your white things, and Robin Starch every time for a fine finish."

ROBIN *Starch*

Everything for JAZZ!

You can have your choice of Britain's finest musical instruments direct from factory at pounds below shop prices, on easy instalment terms from 2/6 deposit. Nothing more to pay for One Month. Buy a Mead musical instrument, join a Jazz Band and Earn While You Pay. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded in Full. Write TO-DAY for big free illustrated cata'ogue. Also ask for list of gramophones at bargain prices.

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- 1 Alhambra Quilt in Red, Sky or Navy, 73 x 94ins weight 3½lbs. Neat design
- 1 Bed Rug in handsome check design, 60 x 80ins.
- 1 lovely Wadded Quilt, 6 x 5ft, weight 4lbs £4/10

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SAVE MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS

JUNO

Words Winged to Women

THE THRASHING FIEND

by MABEL HORNER

> "IT is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."—Measure for Measure ii., 2.

I CONFESS myself in a difficulty. In fact, I am in two difficulties. In the first place, I have before me so much evidence that cruelty to children is increasing that I do not know which to choose. It may be that even in Britain there have always been men and women who can only rightly be described as fiends. They are, we know, exceptions.

We rest "secure" in the knowledge that the law deals with them when they are found out. To-day I want to arouse the women of the country from that feeling of security. The number of wicked people who are cruel to children is steadily on the increase.

At the annual meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the chairman said the past year had actually been noteworthy for barbarity towards infants of tender years.

It is strange that people should ask if it is true that there is cruelty to children in England to-day. It is even stranger that many should doubt the need for such a society as the N.S.P.C.C.

Horrible crime

Last year the N.S.P.C.C. dealt with cases involving cruelty to 98,158 children. Since the war it has been called to the assistance of 970,264 children. It employs 250 inspectors who are always busy and who are not nearly enough to investigate every case that is suspected.

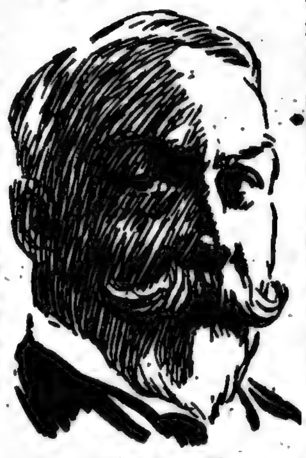
The details of what little children suffer are more horrible than ever. And up and down the country, in town and city, and in remote country areas that inspectors never touch, police-courts are constantly dealing with the same offence. What are we going to do about it?

It is five years since that arch-fiend, John Whalley, of Accrington, with a ferocity of temper that passes belief, cut off both hands of his tiny step-daughter, Agnes Wildman.

Not only our country, but every civilised country, was shocked. The criminal was recognised as no longer fit for decent society. He went to prison for the whole term of his natural life.

Then, whatever human love and pity could do for the mutilated child was done. The utmost skill of surgeon, doctor and nurse was enlisted to save her life.

Funds were subscribed; a house was bought. The stricken mother was provided with an income for life to enable her to devote herself to her tiny daughter. Special teachers were found.



The Right Hon. Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B., President, National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children

And, if life again holds anything for that wonderful, brave and clever girl, Agnes Wildman, it is entirely due to the fact that her appalling tragedy entered the very heart of the nation, and instead of being a little nobody she suddenly became everybody's child. Money for her help came from rich and poor alike. It came from overseas. It came so freely that the very organisers of the Agnes Wildman Fund had to cry, "Hold, enough!"

Why should not the same ready help, the same sympathy, the same practical common-sense be enlisted on the side of these other children? They are here in their thousands. They are in deadly peril from cruel, ignorant or vicious people.

We want to help the stricken, but we want even more to find a way to stop the flow. That demands thought.

How best to stop all cruelty to children is my second and greatest difficulty. I have been looking again at a letter which was handed to me in March of this year. It is written by a kindly man in the council offices at Wallington, Surrey, enclosing a cutting from the *West Sussex Gazette*.

This refers to a horrible case of child cruelty. A little child sick from tuberculosis was sent from London to Mary Ellis, of Littlehampton, to be nursed.

She declared she had "leave to smack it." What she really did was to starve it, batter and bruise it, leave it with contused wounds and broken skin and cause it to develop nervous terror.

Civilisation's disgrace

The local magistrate, declaring it a most intolerable thing that a baby should be subjected to such atrocious treatment, fined her twelve guineas.

My correspondent from Wallington says: "It cannot be said that the court erred on the side of severity. One almost regrets that the principle of retaliation cannot be applied in these days."

I understand his feeling. It is almost impossible to see strength assault weakness and not wish to give blow for blow. The pity is that retaliation does no good. Behaviour cannot be changed for the better by torture, and we want to stop all cruelty, not merely gratify our anger on the cruel.

One way to do it would be for all women to insist that the State should set a higher value on child life. Just as little Agnes Wildman became every woman's child, so every hapless little one must become ours.

It is civilisation's disgrace that while food, clothes, shelter exist, any small child should suffer lack. Insist that child life is precious.

Make it a crime without exception carrying very long terms of imprisonment to hurt a child.

Above all, remember that it is only when the pace is set that we have a right to insist that others follow.

COME IN OUT OF THE WET!

Why Do Without?

MAN, unlike the beasts, is not content to communicate his thoughts by sounds. He likes to write. He began on bits of smooth bark, torn from trees, and scrawled with a burnt stick.

Earlier still stone, chipped with flint, served his turn. A great advance was made when he learned to melt wax and trace on tablets with a stylo.

But it was not until ink and paper arrived that real civilisation began. Letter-writing became a fine art. We treasure fine specimens among our national archives.

Practical sympathy

Folk maintain that letter-writing went out when the typewriter came in. It may be so, if exquisite handwriting and perfect phraseology are the only things that count.

Otherwise, in spite of typewriters and the rush and bustle of modern days, many letters are written and if they are not specimens of perfect English, they are just as cheering to the recipients when the words come from the heart.

JOHN BULL every day gets many such, especially from readers who have been helped by the Free Insurance Scheme.

One such correspondent is Mr. C. Jepson, of 65, Oxford Street, Bulwell, Nottingham, whose young wife was smitten with the terrible malady smallpox.

Under the terms of the Free Insurance Scheme Mr. Jepson became entitled to the sickness benefit, and it is sad to know that, instead of the money helping towards her convalescence, it had to go in funeral expenses.

"I was out of work at the time," he sadly writes, "being a miner; but I have just started again. My thanks are sent, not only for the money which helped so greatly, but also for the way you treated my case and the sympathy you showed to me."

JOHN BULL feels sympathy whenever the little homes are stricken. Sympathy is naturally extended to those who sorrow. JOHN BULL extends it to those able to find a happier issue to their distress. When fire took toll of the household effects of Mr. Martin Collis, of 12, Barnett Place, Edenfield, desolation stared the home in the face until the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Scheme was remembered.

* * *

ENSURE YOUR HOLIDAY!

You can ensure a good holiday for sixpence and a good "Bullet"! Let page 39 pay your seaside expenses.

Don't do without

Mr. Collis was a registered reader and made his application, which was very speedily honoured.

"This money will enable me and my wife to get the things replaced, *which we should have had to have done without had I not been a registered reader of* JOHN BULL."

There is too much "doing without" in the small homes of this country. It is the one great curse of unemployment, low wages and allied ills.

JOHN BULL's daily budget of warm-hearted letters shows that registered readers are not obliged to "do without" one very essential thing. When trouble comes they can look to the very substantial help JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Scheme brings.

You needn't "do without" if you register. Do It Now.

Kodak Film
Kodak Film
Kodak Film

SPARKLING PICTURES ON DULL DAYS

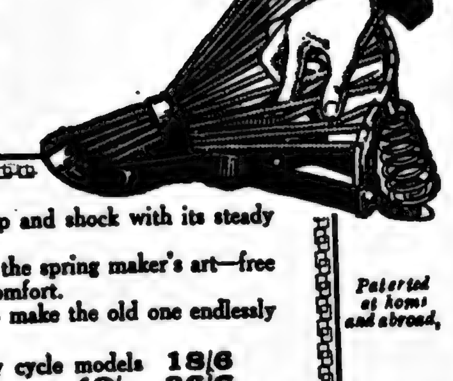
YOU will see printed on any Kodak Film carton the word "Speed." This means that the film is fast and will make the most of the light. The light may be poor because the day is a dull one; or it may be a bright day, and yet the light admitted inside the camera is diminished because you have shortened the exposure in order to take a moving object. Either way, the Kodak film, being "speedy," will make a plucky negative.

But be warned! Film which is "speedy," but has no "latitude," is dangerous. If you give it ever so little over-exposure, it turns nasty and the negative is flat, dull and unprintable. Kodak Film is "speedy," but it has that indulgent "latitude" which allows you to over-expose it and still get sparkling negatives.

KODAK FILM

THE DEPENDABLE FILM IN THE YELLOW CARTON

SHOCKS and SHOCKS



Why endure mile after mile of bump and shock with its steady sapping of health and pleasure?
—fit a "Terry"—it is a triumph of the spring maker's art—free from hard spots, but full of lasting comfort.
—order with the new machine, or to make the old one endlessly comfortable.

Patented at home and abroad,

Terry

C.T.C. and ordinary cycle models 18/6
M/Cycle models - - 42/- 36/6

From Agents. In case of difficulty please write us. List free.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD.,
Redditch, Eng. :: Est. 1855

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Miss Olga Lindo says

". . . There's always an air of distinction about people whose teeth are white and sparkling. Teeth like this give new life to your expression, new gaiety to your smile. And you can easily gain this beauty for yourself. All you have to do is to keep your teeth absolutely *clean*. You'll find this perfectly simple if you use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Twice a day with Colgate's will keep your teeth always bright and sparkling. Just try it and see!"

Olga Lindo

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is made to keep teeth clean and it does its work pleasantly and efficiently. Fragrant foam sweeps into every corner of your mouth, removing all the causes of decay, leaving your teeth with a healthy sparkling polish.

LARGE SIZE **1/-** EVERYWHERE

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

FREE Colgate & Company, Dept. 89,
78 Salusbury Road, London, N.W.6

Please send me a sample of the dentifrice most people are using.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

____

TESTED JB

A FREE OFFER

On page 29 in this issue the proprietors of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream offer a generous Sample to readers forwarding the Coupon that appears in their advertisement. Write clearly giving name and full postal address and be sure to send your application to Dept. 89.

SHEETS GIVEN AWAY

For 14 days only. Special offer to "John Bull" Readers. One pair free to every purchaser, in addition to pair included in Bale. **40/-** Car. paid. SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

ONE Art DOWN QUILT (in good quality Sateen cover and panels).

PAIR of WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS. English-made, whipped and bordered.

PAIR of FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.

PAIR of PILLOW CASES, pure White Long-cloth, hemmed and buttoned.

ONE lovely ALHAMBRA QUILT, in all newest colourings and designs.

ONE splendid STRIPED BED TICK.

PAIR of long NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, or TWO PAIRS of lovely CASEMENT CURTAINS.

ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.

(All full size double beds.)

EXTRA GIFT *of charming Clock, suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.*

This Bale may be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars. *Treasury notes should be registered.*

L. & C. MOSS (Dept. J.B.) Stevenson Square, MANCHESTER.

HAY FEVER

Get instant relief!

NOSTROLINE

Nasal Specific

Real relief from Hay Fever! Just a touch of "Nostroline" inside your nose. Instant relief. Discharge stops. Oh the blissful comfort! Thousands use it every season. So should you! Chemists, 1/3.

Free Sample on request from F.s., Nostroline Labs., Clifton, Bristol

You Can Be Making Money At Home

In Every Spare Moment with the

IMPERIA KNITTER

There is indeed money with the IMPERIA KNITTER. Every minute you can give to it means work done, and returns soon total up to a useful little sum. You can very well make a pound a week without neglecting your home duties, and with more time to spare you can, of course, make more money. It is pleasant and interesting work, too, and the IMPERIA KNITTER is so easy to operate that a child can work it. You can begin learning to-day, and start earning to-morrow.

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and pay the highest rates. There is no trouble about selling. We buy from you under a signed agreement. At the same time you are free to sell to friends and private customers and shops as well. Then you can make for yourself and your family and save money that way.

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Write to us now for the IMPERIA BOOK, don't hesitate; it is FREE, and tells everything you wish to know about this genuine money-earning hobby, or call if you can.

The Imperia Hosiery Manfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.),
91-97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Human Documents

The Heartbreak Home

A Callous Lover—Marriage Risk—Brutal Husband's Delusion

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"CAN you please suggest some remedy for a relative of mine whose circumstances are pathetic? I am earning only a very small wage, woefully inadequate to the needs of a wife and child, so that it is impossible for me to render her the assistance it is in my heart to offer.

"I last saw this relative about five years ago, when she was employed in a boarding-house and earning a fair wage.

"Her husband died while her children were quite young, and scorning the suggestion that she should be parted from her little ones, she struggled on heroically and by her own efforts succeeded in rearing her little brood.

"Her present series of misfortunes commenced a few years ago. She was courted by a local taxi-cab owner and was under the impression that he was a single man.

"He proposed marriage, and just when preparations were in readiness for the wedding, a woman appeared and proclaimed herself to be the man's lawful wife.

"My relative recovered from the shock of this disclosure and continued in her employment, when she was seized with sudden illness from which a distressing complaint supervened and to which she has become a chronic victim.

"Her employer, unmindful of years of faithful service, immediately discharged her on learning the state of her health.

"During this distressing period one of her daughters was seduced by her young man. He married her, but has been unemployed ever since, and now another baby has arrived.

"When the second was born they were turned out of their rooms and my relative took them in.

"In the meantime, another daughter had to marry and as this son-in-law is also unemployed, there are two more mouths to feed.

"She is a dear old soul, and although my relative's family has turned out so badly and repays her devotion and self-sacrifice with such base ingratitude, she is reluctant to turn them into the street.

"The doctor says she may not work any more, and it does seem hard that the evening of her days should be so miserably spent as her heartbreaking letter to me only too surely proves."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your relative has, indeed, suffered bitter disillusionment in the fulfilment of her life's struggles. But I think she should pocket sentiment and give her sons-in-law distinct understanding that they must seek accommodation elsewhere. It should not be impossible for her to obtain a little assistance through the guardians if her own need is so desperate.*

* * *

"FOR six years I was courted by a young man, during which time we became engaged. We were both preparing a home and in order to do so I spent nearly all my savings.

Virtue Unrewarded

"For five years I was visiting my fiancé's home, and as his mother was in very delicate health I undertook the entire housework.

"While I was performing every helpful task which occurred to me, my mother-in-law-to-be was taken seriously ill and the further task of nursing her devolved upon my shoulders.

"I carried on until the added burden of responsibility and physical taxation wreaked vengeance upon my own constitution, resulting in a nervous breakdown.

"Then the climax came in the form of the sudden illness of my fiancé, and while we both lay on beds of sickness his poor mother passed away.

"A few weeks after his mother was buried, my fiancé had apparently so far recovered from his recent illness as to allow him to rise and get about once again. He then commenced going out, always promising to visit me, but never doing so.

"On the contrary, he was seen walking out with another girl, and finally he called on my sister and told her he was not coming to see me again because I had lost my health.

"But the crowning insult and utter cruelty was when his father forbade me to visit their home or even to speak to my fiancé, telling me that he himself was getting old and required his son to maintain him and not a wife."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your story is, indeed, a tragedy, none the less poignant because it happens to be one of the minor ones met with on life's journey. Personally, I think you are fortunate to have escaped marriage with one capable of such callous conduct. Take heart and fresh courage to face life anew. Happiness may yet be yours with a partner worthy of a noble woman's devotion.*

* * *

"OVER twenty years ago I contracted an illness which left me with a very weak heart. Since then my parents have taken every care and endeavoured to build up my health and strength. Thus by taking life more or less easily, I have been able to follow my employment.

Hope Deferred

"Some years ago I became engaged to a young man who, knowing my impaired health, was successful in securing a post which offered some prospect of enabling him to maintain me after our marriage without the necessity of my having to go out to work.

"Final arrangements were made for our wedding when he was suddenly stricken down with illness. He is now subject to acute rheumatism and a heart that will never permit of his performing more than the lightest of tasks.

"He has obtained such work, but the wages he receives puts any thought of marriage out of the question.

"With the strain of his illness I suffered a relapse myself and have been confined to bed for five months. Now I can only rise for an hour or two a day, and cannot resume my work this year.

"Should I marry this young man? To do so would necessitate my going out to work. In addition, I would have a home to look after and possibly children also, with the ultimate probability of becoming a semi-invalid at an early stage."

"HUMANIST" says: *My sympathies are certainly with you and your sweetheart, but I think you must realise how precarious marriage would be. Probably with due regard to all curative agencies and rest combined, time will yield more hope in regard to the fulfilment of your ambition.*

"MY husband is associating with another woman. This has continued for seven years and I have forgiven him many times, but now he has left me altogether and gone to live at the house of his cousin.

Cave-like Antics

"I have no proof that they are cohabiting, but my husband goes away for week-ends at the seaside, while I have to live in one room and my boys have been compelled to go into lodgings.

"My husband gives me 10s. a week and makes me wait a fortnight; then I have to wait about in the streets for him in order to collect it.

"He uses these opportunities to insult me, accusing me of immoral conduct of which I am entirely innocent. Moreover, he repeatedly threatens to cut my throat.

"Every time he takes extra drink he waits about ready to molest me. I have to work very hard all day. Last Sunday night my sister-in-law accompanied me on a visit to her aunt. He came along and created a disturbance, catching me by the throat.

"He says it is useless for me to take him to court because he cannot be compelled to pay me anything."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your husband is quite mistaken in supposing that he is not responsible for your support so long as you lead a chaste life. Sue him for maintenance and ask the court to grant an injunction to restrain his acts of violence against you.*

* * *

Practical Gratitude

"My uncle loaned me money in order to make my marriage possible. Hard times have precluded an early repayment, and although my uncle does not press for the return of the money, I know him to be in failing health and would like to settle the matter. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Stint yourself of all luxuries and begin repayment if only by small weekly instalments. This should convince your uncle of your gratitude.*

Wisdom v. Pride

"I have been interested in the varying opinions on childbirth mortality, and as I am about to be confined with my seventh child, I would welcome the hospitality of the infirmary, since I nearly lost my life with my last child. But my friends tell me that my baby will be branded as a workhouse child. Is this so?"

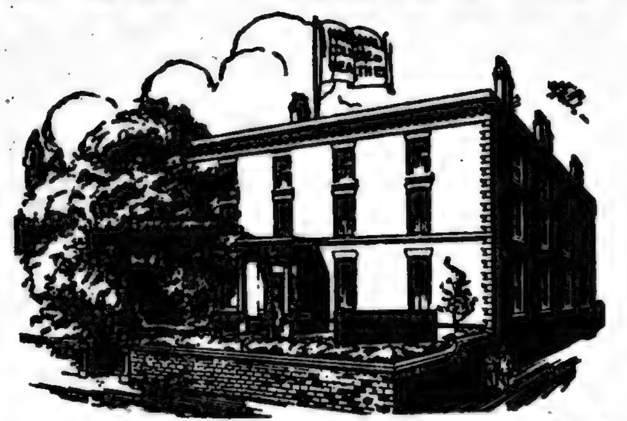
"Humanist" says: *You need feel no diffidence in having your baby in a Poor Law institution. On the contrary, it would be wise in your state of health to ensure the necessary attention which I gather your means will not permit at home.*

A Miracle

"Eight years ago I met with an accident resulting in tuberculosis, for which I underwent sanatorium treatment and was told my end was near. I went away and worked fourteen hours a day! I there met a girl to whom I became engaged, and on consulting several doctors I am told there is no sign of my former complaint. Do you think I ought to marry?"

"Humanist" says: *If you are pronounced a fit man there is no reason why you should not marry. You have obviously made a most miraculous recovery.*

BAD LEGS



View of National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, the only Institution in the world founded solely for the Treatment of Bad Legs.

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS ?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT

The worst and most hopeless of cases yield to Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed, Tremol conquers. Seize your opportunity now. Get your leg soundly healed.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME

WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK

NO RESTING IS NECESSARY

YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH

RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING

A large, illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, together with a legal guarantee and a list of cases in your own district, will be sent to every sufferer.

This book is full of sound information and advice to all Bad Leg Sufferers. It gave them the knowledge of how to get cured in their own homes, without loss of work, without painful operations, and without resting. Thousands praise the day they read this valuable book. Send for this valuable book at once. You will learn—How Open Wounds are Healed—How Varicose Ulcers are Healed—How Varicose Eczema is Relieved—How Inflammation and Scaliness of the Leg are Dispelled—The Right Method of Treatment for Varicose Veins—How Lasting Relief from Joint Trouble is Obtained—A Successful Treatment for Painful Swollen Knees—How Leg Swellings are Reduced—Why Rest is Unnecessary—Advantages of Individual Treatment—How Better Health is Gained—How Bad Legs are Cured Without Pain. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can conquer your leg trouble yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.X.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, describing your case, and THE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE.

TREMOL TREATMENT FOR BAD LEGS

National College of Health Ltd.

FREE COUPON (Ward B.L.X.)

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
Gt. Clowes St., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment. I enclose 3d. stamps for Postage.

Signed ....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

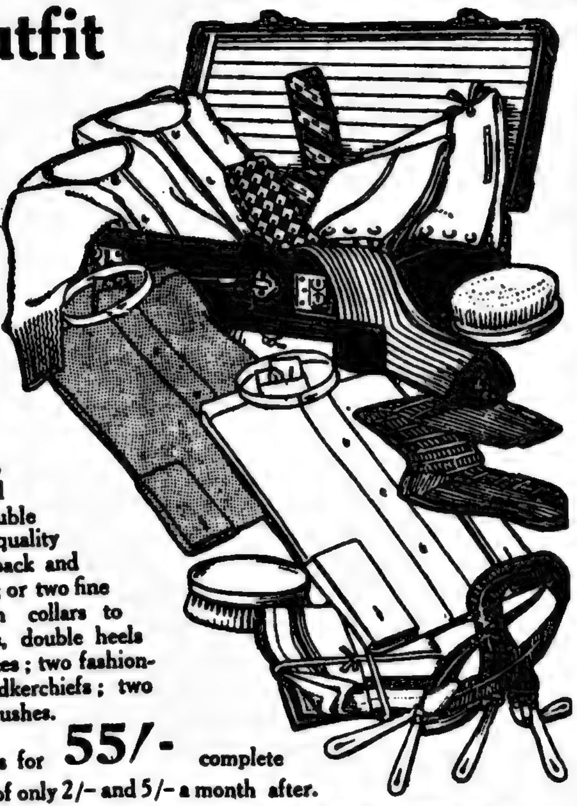
Address ....
....

State Complaint ....

BLANFORD'S SPLENDID MEN'S Outfit

20 Articles in Suit case

Delivered free on first payment of only **2/-**



Man's fine outfit in leatherette reinforced suit case, metal fittings and locks, measuring 20 in. by 11 in., reinforced edges, lined. Consisting of two all-wool vests; two all-wool pants, double spliced and sewn; two first quality "Oxford" shirts, full cut, lined back and front, double stitched, fast colours; or two fine "Silkateen" tunic shirts, with collars to match; two pairs cashmere socks, double heels and toes; one pair elastic web braces; two fashionable silk ties; six full-sized handkerchiefs; two strong real bristle military hair-brushes.

In all, twenty fully guaranteed. articles for **55/-** complete

Delivered free on first payment of only 2/- and 5/- a month after.

Send size collar neckband and postal order 2/- with full postal address to:—

John Blanford

DEPT. J.B. LTD

119 & 129, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1.

HE LISTENED
TO THE FINEST RECORDS OF THE DAY
AND
WON £1000

The RESULT of

HOSPITAL BALLOT No. 1

was published on June 15

First prize of £1,000 won by

Major John H. Reynolds, Greys, Kelvedon, Essex.

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A STRIKING RECORD
SETS A NEW STANDARD IN GRAMOPHONE MUSIC

Now is the time to enter **Hospital Ballot No. 2** (*closing July 14*).

£2,000 in prizes. Get a METROPOLE Competition Record (Price 2/6 during the ballot only) and you will want to hear them all.

Obtainable from all Metropole dealers, or by sending to The British Charities Association (Dept. JB6), 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.1.

Free Ballot Ticket and full particulars with every METROPOLE Record.

Metropole Gramophone Co. Ltd.,
Metropole House, Finsbury Square,
London, E.C.2

Our Letter Parliament

Shall We Ape Monkeys?

Starving Education—Keeping War Alive—Hooligan Students

MR. A. G. GARDINER'S article, "The Human Monkey" (JOHN BULL, June 16), is the strongest indictment of Dr. Voronoff's monkey experiments that I have yet seen. It will do an immense amount of good, as up to now not many people have seemed to realise what Voronoff's experiments are all about. After Mr. Gardiner's exposure there is no longer any excuse for ignorance, and plain men and women will, I am confident, condemn these revolting experiments with no uncertain voice.—*T. R., London.*

The Monkey's Due

Is Mr. A. G. Gardiner quite fair to the monkey? Would it be quite so detrimental to men to absorb a little monkeyness? Was it monkeys who slaughtered one another by the million in the war? Do monkeys create slums? Do menial monkeys have to toil in dirt and misery that idle monkeys may jazz? Or is it that tuere is so much of the simian in us that we can bear no more?—*Naturalist, Bucks.*

Certain Failure

However disgusting the gland operation of Dr. Voronoff may be, if he can restore youthfulness to some of our "too old to fight" militarists, so that, in the event of the future war they prophesy, they will be sufficiently vigorous to take their place in the trenches, he will earn the thanks of thousands of men whom the "war operation" altered from youth to decrepitude.—*T. M., Sunderland.*

Man to Monkey

The logical result of the wide adoption of Dr. Voronoff's gland-grafting methods would be a race of brute-men. It would take several generations of revitalising to accomplish this, but the descent to the ape-man would be infinitely quicker than man's age-long struggle towards the angels. One thinks that an experiment which would make the world safe for mankind would be to sterilise the unfit, but apparently some sentimentalists prefer a world peopled with monkeydom to a world deprived of imbeciles.—*W. L., Regent's Park, N.W.*

All Lunatics!

Dr. Voronoff proves how chaotic and hopelessly muddled mankind has become. On the one side, we have the birth-control people advocating the use of contraceptives, and, on the other, Dr. Voronoff with his "Come, be fathers at 150 years old with the help of the chimpanzee" doctrine. No wonder Mr. George Bernard Shaw has stated that "the other planets use this for a lunatic asylum."—*T. K., Darwen.*

Poor Ape!

Voronoff's "monkey tricks" have roused righteous indignation, but only as regards man. Not a word is said in condemnation of the horrible cruelty perpetrated on one of the most innocent and delightful of animals. It would be interesting to know if Voronoff has the monkey gland himself. He talks of a spiritual presence *outside* himself. It certainly is.—*R. N., Farnworth.*

Pernicious Preacher

Voronoff is simply pandering to the unnatural sexual desires of a lot of worn-out old men and women. When birth control was advocated to limit families of the poor, and prevent the unfit and feeble-minded from breeding, a cry went up from all sides. Yet this man is allowed to preach his pernicious doctrines everywhere. Why was he allowed to land?—*T. H., Dawley.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

◆

National Menace

We are already faced with the trouble of mentally defective people propagating their species without having to cope with a simian strain. The Home Secretary will not grant a licence to Voronoff to conduct his operations here. It is a pity for their own sakes that the French authorities do not do likewise,. because just as long as lustful old men "flock to Paris" for such operations the menace continues.—*T. R., Edinburgh.*

Worth Doing

Voronoff would be doing a greater service to humanity if he would concentrate on making man's three-score years and ten more worth living than at present. Since 1911, cancer mortality figures have increased by 50 per cent. Can Dr. Voronoff cure cancer? Catarrh is robbing millions of people of much of the joy of life. Will monkey glands cure a cold in the head?—*H. W. S., Walsall.*

The Present Life

I applaud Mr. E. Roffe Thompson for writing such a splendid article as "The Great Death Myth" (JOHN BULL, June 16). Well-educated people who believe that death is the termination of life would be better occupied if they spent their time excavating in the slums, and cleaning the disease germs from the living skeletons that mean so much to the nation, instead of trying to destroy Scriptural truth by their absurd theories. —*T. C. C., Pollokshaws.*

Madcap Bills

A Bill to become an Act is required to prevent madcap municipal Bills swilling away local rates. The recent attempt of Blackpool to compulsorily absorb small towns and villages against their wish cost tens of thousands of pounds to fight in Parliament, all of which comes out of rates. There is nothing to prevent such big and wealthy corporations continuing their attempts at expansions until they eventually tire out small rural and parish councils.—*W. W., Lytham.*

◆

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"CORNISH TIMES":—"For Sale, MISS JEFFERIES, DRESSMAKER; TERMS MODERATE."

"SPORT" (Dublin):—"Track Gossip. —Sally Twing showed a smart turn of speed to the home bend WHERE SHE BLOWED UP."

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL":—"The city never sleeps. VERY SLOWLY IT AWAKENS TO MEET THE NEW DAY."

"BUCKS FREE PRESS":—"Doggy ailments are unknown WHEN —— PIG POWDERS ARE GIVEN ONCE WEEKLY. Twelve 1s."

"ROSS GAZETTE":—"The wholesale price of eggs last Thursday was 1s. PER DOZEN RETAIL."

"DAILY RECORD AND MAIL":—"Lady —— has achieved great distinction. . . . FOR TEN YEARS EVERY DAY SHE USED TO WORK, after a swim in the river."

"EVENING STANDARD" (Serial):—"He could stand the strain no longer of listening for Lionel's step with one ear AND TALKING TO HER WITH THE OTHER."

The Wrong End

Sun-ray treatment is being administered to race-horses and to greyhounds. What a distorted civilisation this is that allows the latest healing and tonic appliances to be used for animals, while millions of human children live sun-starved lives in filthy slums.—*D. H. N., Erdington.*

Pitiable Scholars

I am an educational instructor at one of our biggest recruiting depots, and as such endeavour to instruct men of the lowest educational classification. The majority have the intelligence of children in Standard II. It is pitiable to watch them work. I am convinced that were the Minister of Education to see them he would acknowledge the necessity for a general tightening-up in the country's educational methods.—*Bombardier, R.A.*

Good Investment

The following figures will show how short-sighted is our present educational policy. Of the nursery schools, which are achieving remarkable results with backward children, there are only twenty-six in the country. These provide accommodation for only one child in every 2,300. Then, again, we have over 8,000 children to each full-time medical officer, and about 13,000 to each whole-time dentist. Spending a few extra thousands would result in a healthier nation and the saving of future millions.—*F. S., Dewsbury.*

Is It Peace?

A great man the other day said that the world was shaping for peace. I find myself unable to see this. At a picture-house the other week we were shown the blessing of a warship by clergy. Next came the launching of a "giant submarine." The next visit showed us "Britain's New Terror of the Skies" discharging an aerial torpedo. If the minds of the children are stuffed with the glories of war, how is the world shaping for peace?—*A. K., Birmingham.*

Medical Hooligans

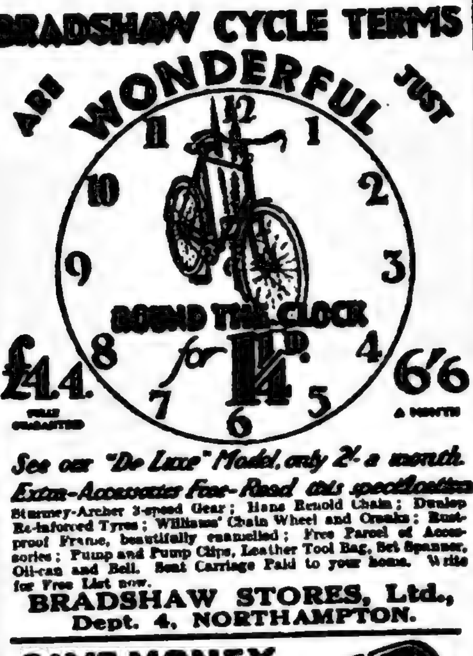
The General Medical Council thinks a great deal of the dignity of the medical profession. Recently a doctor was reprimanded for telling a funny story against the profession. Last week a number of medical students in London behaved in a disgraceful fashion at an anti-vivisection meeting. The G.M.C. might turn its attention to the behaviour of these young doctors to be, and refuse to put the young hooligans on the register.—*R. I., Ashton-on-Mersey.*

Single Bliss

I am a single man; therefore, according to a great number of people, I am not doing my duty to my country. I see all around me married couples with children, whose lives must be a misery. I have no hesitation in asserting that my duty, and the duty of every person who is not already "tied up," is to give marriage a miss until every man, woman and child is decently housed, fed and clothed.—*A. W., Kent.*

"Safety" Danger

While it may be true that the introduction of electric lamps into the mines of Britain would eliminate the all too prevalent disease of nystagmus, it would, I am sure, open up another more dangerous one in the form of death from "fire-damp." The general introduction of electric lamps would take from the miner the ordinary means of detecting when the atmosphere was dangerous. When the atmosphere becomes unbreathable the oil-lamp (safety) goes out, but the electric burns merrily on.—"*Mac,*" *Blodon.*



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Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 38.

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There's no Briar so sweet as *The Imperial*

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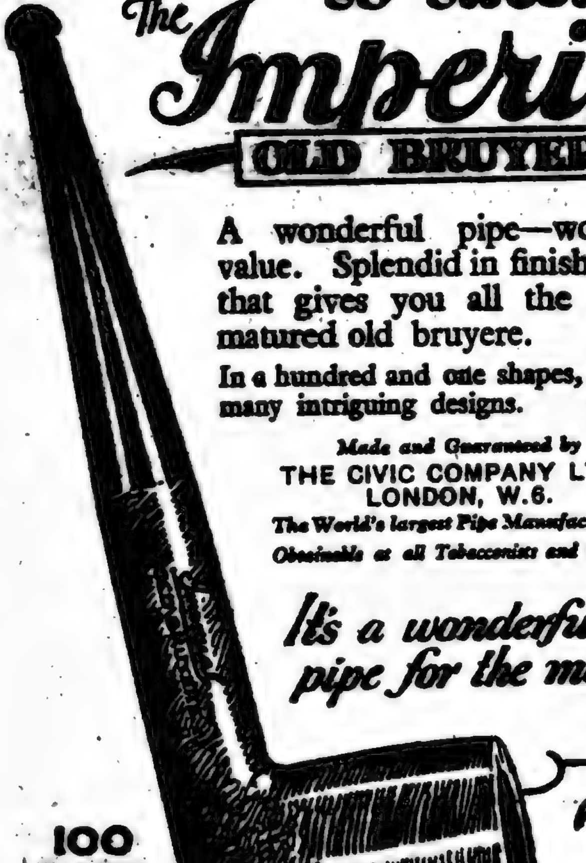

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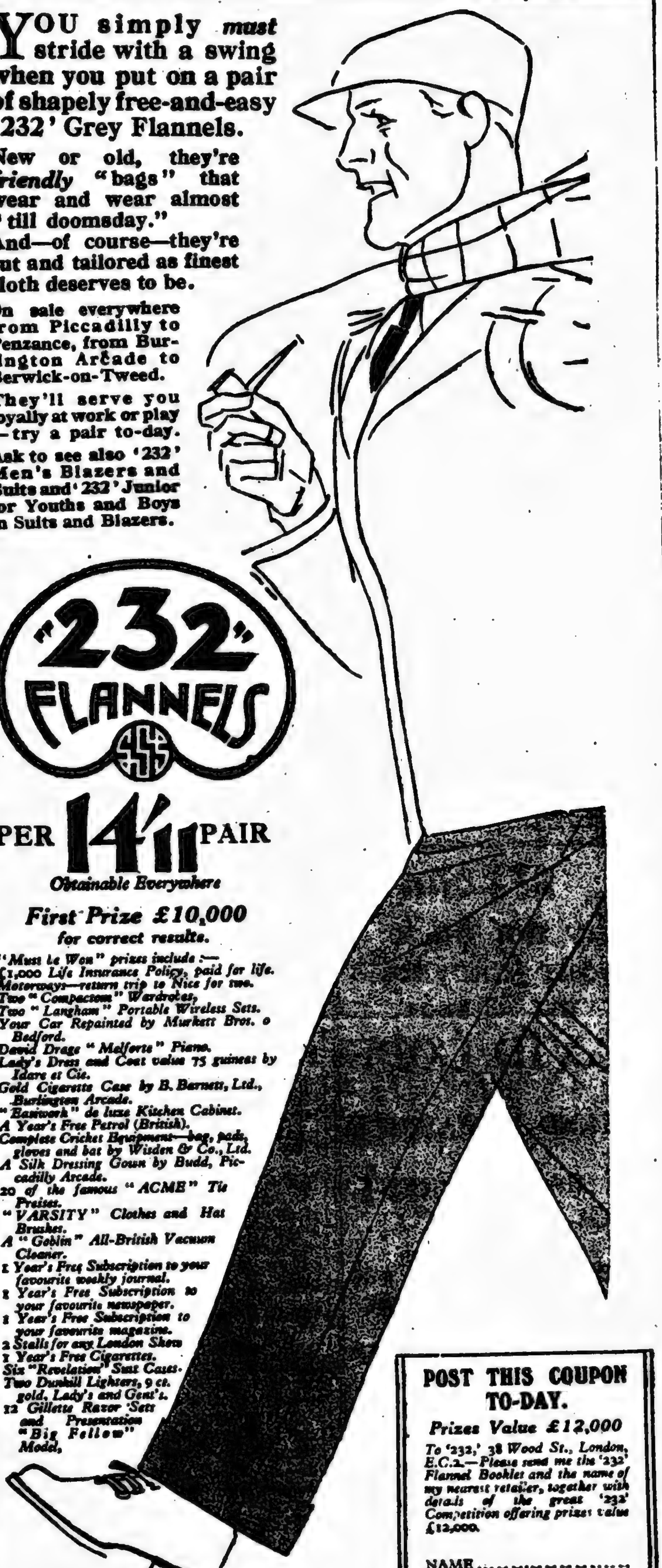

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BACKERS GET THEIR OWN BACK

Favourites Prove the Real Thing at Ascot—The Pitmen's Derby—How Underhand was Trained—Where Racing is Cheap

AT Windsor I met my layer friend who has always regarded Royal Ascot as a clearing-station for his liabilities. He was in a very chastened mood and was endeavouring to "get out."

FOR once in a way it was a Golden Ascot for backers, and there were several interesting features in the markets and results. We are accustomed to odds-on upset, but only in one case, Finglas, throughout the four days did the layers demand odds.

FAVOURITES were most obliging. Fifty per cent. won, and second and third market choices did well. Priory Park did not have the place of honour in the betting in the Hunt Cup, but I think Mr. Joel's popular handicapper was favourite for money, particularly with the small backers.

I CODED Portland for the big sprint, but the draw practically put paid to his chance. He came out No. 25, the outside position, whereas the low numbers are favoured. Priory Park, the winner, was drawn No. 1, St. Jerome, second, was No. 2, and Knight of the Grail, third, No. 3. Of course, this was a remarkable coincidence and is not likely to happen again in a decade.

INVERSHIN'S Gold Cup reminded me of The White Knight's race which I saw many years ago, and I consider Finglas a very unlucky loser. He would win every time if matched with Invershin over the same distance.

QUINCAMPOIX was obviously a pace-maker for the French plodder, Bois Josselyn, but he got so far ahead in the early stages—almost a furlong—that the jockeys on the other horses totally ignored him. As a result, the race was run at a pace which suited Invershin better than Finglas. The time taken was five or six seconds slower than Foxlaw put up last season.

I KNOW it is easy to be wise after an event, but I think if Elliott, knowing he was on a proved stayer, had gone after the runaway sooner the rest would have followed suit, and it would have been a case of "bellows to mend" with most of them.

THE White Knight, ridden by Halsey, had a pace-maker in Peace With Honour, who went off at a mad gallop in a similar way to Quincampoix, but the rest went with him, and the first mile of the gruelling journey was faster than a sprinter's time,

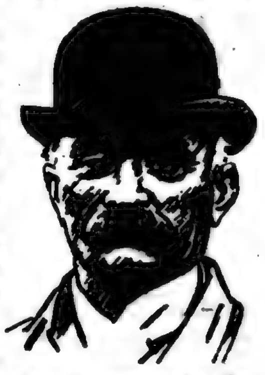
WHEN Peace With Honour dropped out, whacked to the wide, The White Knight was left in front, and there he stayed. First Torpoint had a cut at him and was beaten off. Then Golden Measure, another from Manton, who had a habit of being tailed off thirty or forty lengths and coming with one long run and getting there, had a go, but soon cried enough. Finally, the best of the batch, Radium, drew up alongsides, but Halsey just gave "The Knight" a shake and away he went to win easily. The time was 4 minutes 26 seconds, eight seconds faster than Invershin.

THE Northumberland Plate, or the "Pitmen's Derby," to give it its popular name, is the race of the week. The "Geordies" take a holiday for the Newcastle fixture, and I can imagine their roar if one of their candidates beats Southern challengers.

THE race has been a standing dish for close on a hundred years, and it is one of the few big handicaps in which the North holds its own. Probably one of the best to win it was Underhand, who did the hat-trick and was second at the fourth attempt.

UNDERHAND was stabled at Spigot Lodge, where the stable-hands had a novel way of finding out the qualities of their horses by chasing them with greyhounds. Underhand's owner happened to put in an appearance one day to see how his yearlings were getting on, and was told that this one was smart. It appeared that the youngster resented the coursing methods, and on one occasion jumped a wall to dodge his pursuers. He landed on the roof of a pig-sty. In addition to winning the Northern Derby three times, Underhand also credited his owner with a Manchester Cup and the Ebor.

"DOBSON" PEACOCK has trained four winners of the race. Border Minstrel—engaged again—did the trick last year, but he is also responsible for the Manton cast-off, Primrose League, and The Blade. If he relies on the latter, who ran prominently in the Ascot Stakes, he may notch another score. I take Still Life to be the danger.



M. D. Peacock, the Squire of Middleham

FOR the minor events at Newcastle I suggest the following:—Some Pep for the Gibside Plate and Mail Fist for The Perkins Memorial. On Thursday, Cross Roads should win the Seaton Delaval Plate, and I like Kinloch for the John Osborne Handicap.

BRIGHTON also has an innings this week. The seaside course is more suitable for a circus, but, nevertheless, the sport is very popular. As a rule, backers who follow Stanley Wootton and Frank Hartigan come out on the right side of the ledger. I shall resort to the code for selections. Gioconda should take the June Rose Handicap at Sandown Park on Saturday.

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned in these notes Mr. W. R. Olver, a commission-agent of North Kensington, and used the word complaints. Subsequently, Mr. Olver satisfied me that there was only one outstanding account on his books, and in this case payment was withheld as he felt that his client had not treated him fairly. I have now received from him the following letter which I am pleased to publish: "Dear Sir,—With reference to the recent criticism in your journal and our interview, I am abiding by the decision of Messrs. Tattersall and have written to them to this effect."

INCIDENTS in the French Grand National at Auteuil, in which the Irish jumper, Jerpoint, broke a leg and was destroyed, make it clear that there is still a great deal of hooliganism on the part of French riders, from which English horses and jockeys seem to suffer. My French Correspondent tells me that the French stewards are alive to the danger and are trying to cope with it, but are hampered by the fact that the aggrieved riders are always reluctant to give evidence. It is notorious, however, that although French owners are eager to obtain the services of English jockeys, it is increasingly difficult to induce them to accept riding engagements.

WHILE English racecourse charges are the highest in the world and French the lowest, there is a move to reduce the French still further. At present a man can obtain admission to the Paddock at the most exclusive French meetings for the old solicitor's fee, 6s. 8d., and for an additional half-a-crown he can have a place in the Grand Stand.

IF accompanied by a lady, the latter will be admitted for half price. For sixpence one can stroll on to a racecourse like Longchamp, and even there see as much of the racing, if not more, than can be seen in the silver ring at any of the English courses. I do not expect our executives to rise to French heights, but they can descend the ladder without worrying about the "Tote." The machine won't help them.

SOMETIMES I wonder why so many "stumers" are kept in training. If you go through *Ruff's Guide* you will find that only about 25 per cent. win races, and many of those successful in "sellers" change hands for sums round about 100 guineas. At the present moment, we have more duds endeavouring to win than any time I can remember, and it costs as much to keep a bad horse as it does a Derby winner.

PINNER'S DERBY this year is for ponies—not donkeys, as before—and the entries close this week. The sporting little event will be run at Pinner on July 7 after racing finishes at Alexandra Park, and most of the crack jockeys will have mounts. Harry Wragg, Felstead's rider, has given a cup for the winning jockey, and Gordon Richards another cup for the winning owner.

THE weekly edition of the *Sporting Life*—the Ascot Number—sold like hot cakes; it is not surprising as it was full of good things. "Solon," in his form selections, gave Priory Park, the Hunt Cup winner; Sea Crag who turned up at the nice price of "tens," and International at Chepstow. The six to follow included Hera, winner of the Wokingham, at 100 to 6, Brown Jack—5 to 1—the "Stakes" victor, and Knight of the Grail, third in the big sprint at 25 to 1. And the two-a-day code selections, which appear in the "Life" included Lover's Chat, the Gatwick winner, Arabella and Toboggan. Ask your newsagent to save you a copy of the special Weekly Edition out next Saturday.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life.*

Y A X Z W L T P V 2 S J D I

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How to read the code: In place of the letters of figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. ISJKDOQYW would read BROWN JACK.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, June 27 to Tuesday July 3.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition.* Don't miss them.

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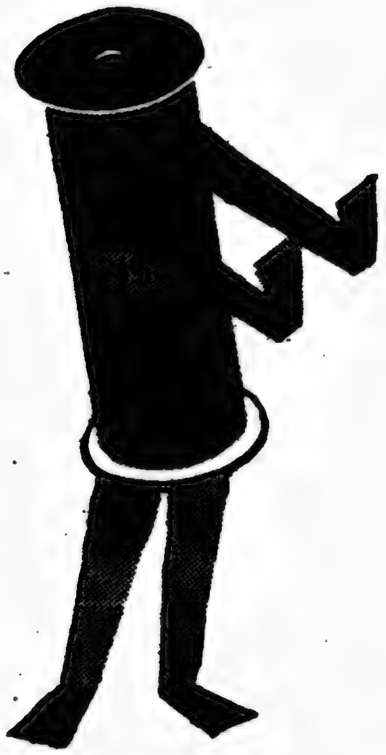

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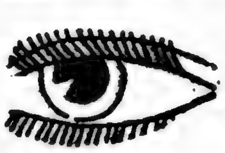

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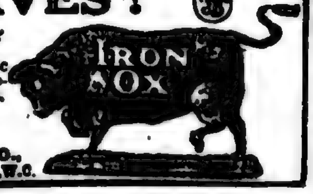

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I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO.

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

• • •

T. A. (Golders Green).—" Will you help me out ? " Yes, if you call.

H. B. (Lenbury).—" I prefer the kinema to a whist-drive." Why ? You can hold a nice hand at either.

N. D. (Goole).—" He married his cook." What a desperate method of persuading her to stop !

T. C. (Edmonton).—" I enclose an absurd little poem." You have an apt gift for description.

T. G. (Bedford).—" He always comes after dinner." Don't they feed him at home ?

L. R. (Twyford).—" I am learning to ride the bicycle and am getting on all right." Yes, but can you keep on ?

A. P. E. (Chester).—" People don't know how other people live." You've evidently never lived in a small village !

T. B. (Jarrow).—" It's not fair that food should be dear." It's a blow below the belt.

B. T. (Gracechurch).—" Our new maid is less than 5 ft. tall." Another example of the servant shortage !

A. C. (Reading).—" Some London statues are dreadful." Monumental folly, in fact.

D. N. (Fernbank).—" I am going to Australia to take up land." A shovelful at a time ?

F. M. (Goodmayes).—" His wife doesn't agree with him." A kind of matrimonial dyspepsia !

E. C. (Bourne End).—" He stared at my face." That couldn't have been very pleasant for either of you.

D. P. (Eastbourne).—" When I walk by the sea I am apt to get giddy." Do you see people swimming before your eyes ?

J. G. (Silsden).—" He spoke a few words to me that completely altered my mode of living." Did you get any reduction of sentence for good behaviour?

H. T. (Hampton).—" Politicians seem to have plenty of holidays." There's talk of them all going to the country again soon.

A. P. (Swanage).—" In my appointment with her I was ten minutes late." That would mean that you had less time to wait for her.

A. T. (Fairlie).—" In answer to her I shook my head, but she repeated the question." Perhaps she didn't hear your head rattle the first time.

A. N. (Chatham).—" It costs a girl a lot to keep herself in clothes." She doesn't keep so much of herself in clothes as she used to.

DON'T go through life handicapped by some haunting worry. If you do you will be passed on the road by those who are free. Get rid of your trouble by confiding it to JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service. Send particulars (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope, and you will be told of the most direct and sure way to proceed. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Do it now !*

T. N. (Waltham).—" Can worms be trained ? " Oh, yes. Some can even be trained to turn the mangle.

MRS. R. (Sittingbourne).—" I have always been passionately fond of birds." Just like a cat !

G. H. (Cardiff).—" Everything goes by opposites." Yes. Even a cool reception can make a man feel hot.

ALF J. (Hunslet).—" Are you fond of entertaining visitors ? " We don't know. We find none of ours are.

MISS V. (Kendal).—" I am sending two jokes I made myself." We congratulate you on being a centenarian.

P. D. (Pontefract).—" Are you going abroad this year ? " Not if we have another winter like we had last summer.

J. D. (Edinburgh).—" Women absorb most of the world's flattery." And the rest goes on tombstones.

A. C. (Willesden).—" I shouldn't like our matrimonial boat to capsize." Then don't go in for two skippers and no mates.

A. L. (Bristol).—" What I admire in London is the theatre signs." Such as " House full " when you want to get in ?

J. J. (Taunton).—" It's easy to pour out a lot of absolute tosh." We take your word for it.

MISS A. (Settle).—" I don't like conceited people." Too interested in yourself ?

MRS. F. (Tottenham).—" I aim to be in the forefront with everything." This year's car on next year's income ?

J. T. (Cambridge).—" It is my intention to write you a long letter next week." We hope it always will be.

T. E. (Beccles).—" After I had polished the floor I could see my face in it." Hard luck !

MOIRA (Worthing).—" Which of the enclosed group do you think is me ? " The over-exposed one ?

J. W. (Wrexham).—" I am only converted in a measure." Then don't be surprised if you are damned to some extent.

H. H. (Piccadilly).—" We males have decided to admit women to our club." You *think* you males have decided to admit women to your club.

N. D. (Cheapside).—" If a man is going to speak in public he shouldn't mix his drinks." Unless he doesn't mind being laughed at when he mixes his thinks.

M. B. (Bath).—" My eldest boy will make his mark in the world some day." Wouldn't it be better to teach him to sign his name.

G. R. (Bungay).—" I shall not send you any more poems." Then our office boy will have to make his paper-boats out of something else.

JESSIE (Baldock).—" My fiancé says I am one in a million." But if you are a reader of JOHN BULL you are one in more than a million.

E. R. (Hastings).—" I often hear voices without being able to say who is speaking or where they are." Our telephone service is like that too.

ALICE F. (Hampton Wick).—" He offered to take me in a punt, but I knew he couldn't manage one properly." And you were afraid he'd find himself up the pole ?

JACK TAR (Portsmouth).—" We have a fine spirit in the Navy." That's rum !

B. R. (Harwich).—" A swarm of bees settled on my hat." Did you tell them to buzz off ?

R. B. (Barmouth).—" I cannot understand why my eyes are so weak." Probably because they are in a weak place.

G. L. (Putney).—" When did England get the name 'Merrie England' ? " Before the politicians made a mess of it.

G. Y. (Oldham).—" What did the winner run the mile in at the championship last year ? " Vest and pants.

C. W. O. (Bridgwater).—" The jockey was suspended for boring." We wish we could suspend you for the same reason.

M. G. (Guildford).—" I belong to a police cricket team." Ever catch anything ?

F. K. (Balham).—" Coming down from Glasgow, I had to change three times." Didn't the other passengers object ?

V. M. (Chepstow).—" I think nothing of a twenty-mile walk." We don't think much of it either.

F. F. (Tooting).—" I can't see anything in jazz music." It's not the seeing ; it's the hearing we are up against.

D. B. (Bromley).—" People seem to be getting holiday bent." And many will return holiday broke.

J. M. (Holborn).—" We have got four good rooms, even if they are on the fifth floor." Good. We are always glad to hear of any one getting up in the world.

MR. R. (Hove).—" It takes three generations to make a gentleman." Then your grandson has brilliant prospects.

D. F. (Brixton).—" I gave a lecture on 'The Perfect Man.' " You probably mean well, but we don't like to be talked about in public.

E. P. (London, S.).—" She said I was what real men baited their hooks with." We're afraid she was insinuating that you are what the early bird gets.

G. E. (Thirsk).—" I can't see a holiday for me this year." You'll find an eye-opener on page 39.

L. P. (Oakley).—" When people get a little money they want a car." And when they get a car they want a little money.

S. H. (Nelson).—" A man employed in a cotton-mill here has written a novel of 115,000 words." He's evidently your champion yarn-spinner.

TRADER (Coventry).—" I will write you an article explaining how I have remained perfectly honest all my life." We are not a fiction magazine.

MRS. L. (Kensington).—" I consider evening and night synonymous terms." And don't mind having it reported that you attended the theatre in a very elegant night dress ?

W. L. (Stockton-on-Tees).—" The dentist, in one rapid operation, extracted three of my teeth which I am sure were quite good ones." What—all without stopping ?

R. P. (Tooting).—" While sitting on the common, I lost a bundle of Treasury notes from my coat pocket, and have failed to recover them." You're only one of many who have dropped money on the turf.

B. G. (Bolton).—" I always tell the truth." Liar !

M. S. (Ipswich).—" Who wears the biggest hat in the House of Commons ? " The man with the biggest head.

L. L. (Coniston).—" Which is the easiest way to clean a car ? " Get your wife to do it.

A. C. (Carlisle).—" To keep in health take a short nap every day after lunch." The little daily doze that does it !

G. A. (Gunnersbury).—" Where can one find really tip-top artistes to-day ? " Among the soap testimonials.

L. T. C. (Ealing).—" Anything I say, goes." Good. Say your own name next time you call here.

C. F. (Morpeth).—" How are you finding things nowadays ? " By looking for them.

C. N. (Welwyn).—" People always want to know how a man has made his money." And also how much he has got.

EVA K. (Leicester).—" My fiancé says he could listen to my sweet voice for ever." He will probably have to, later on.

MRS. G. (Hither Green).—" When men try to run households, they almost always find themselves landed in troubles." Especially when they try to run more than one.

P. N. (Skegness).—" There are some queer youths here in plus-fours of astonishing bagginess." Dear, dear—and we had always understood the place was " so bracing " !

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Mullard

The BEST

Mullard P.M. Radio Valves with the wonderful P.M. Filament improve any radio receiver. Are you getting the best reception or are you still satisfied with the next best? Every radio dealer sells Mullard, you know.

Mullard
THE · MASTER · VALVE

"*The Greatest of These . . . .*"

The Tragedy of an Accident

What Sickness Entails

WITH what startling suddenness an accident may surprise anyone of us! We are going about our usual daily affairs one minute, and the next—something has happened, changing us into helpless dependents on the kindness of others.

A man who pleads to us for help was four years ago sound in body. Then suddenly one day, while following his daily work, he met with an accident, and after fourteen operations his leg was amputated.

He received no consolation in the way of compensation, for though, acting on JOHN BULL's advice, he took his case into court and was awarded 35s. per week, his firm went bankrupt and he got nothing.

That was four years ago. He is still under the doctor; his artificial leg needs repairing; he has tried to get employment without success, and all he has to live on under these trying circumstances is his National Health Insurance of 7s. 6d. and 9s. for his wife, making a total of 16s. 6d.

"I have," he says, "a little boy four weeks old, and my wife is in need of support. Our clothing is in a sad state. The suit I wear, or what is left of it, was bought for me by Lady Bowes-Lyon."

He has been ordered away for a fortnight's convalescence. "But," he says, "I must see my wife settled before I go, and myself a little more respectable. . . . I used to receive relief, but they stopped it. They told me my father and brothers should keep us.

"My brothers are unemployed, my father is ill, and has 10s. old-age pension. He is seventy-eight. My mother is ill with a goitre on the throat, so how can they help me?"

Obviously they cannot, but the readers of JOHN BULL who can will hold out a helping hand to this victim of a bad accident, this mother of a four-weeks-old boy, to say nothing of the infant himself.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund offers a grand opportunity to help the helpless, which is the best thing we can do in this world of sudden accidents and resultant helplessness. Not a penny is withheld for administration expenses, which are gladly borne by the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

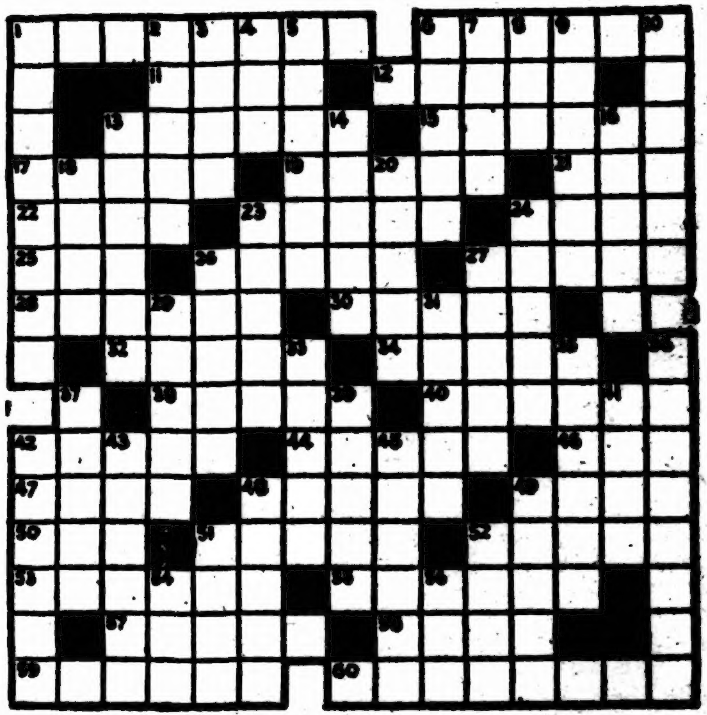
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A Disabled Soldier, 6d.; F. H. Williams (Oxton, Liverpool), 3s.; Miss M. Cameron (Dennistoun), 2s. 6d.; A Sympathiser, 10s. 6d.; [illegible]worth, 2s. 6d.; E. & G. Wormley, 10s.; The 9th, 3d.; Snow (Ramsbottom), 1s.; Mr. H. Parnell (Canterbury), 5s.; E. C., 2s. 6d.; K. S. J., 5s.; Sunshine, 3s.; Anon. (Essex), 1s.; May & June, 2s. 6d.; L. H. B. (Guernsey), 1½d.; E. M. Milton, 6d.; Solutionist (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; Mounty, 1s. 2d.; With Love (Leeds), 1s.; Mr. Albert Soper, £1; Will Meade (Penshurst), 1s.; Mrs. Hibbert, 6d.; Mrs. W. Frost, 1s. 6d.; Ucalite, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Thornton (Islington), £1; The Merry Crew, 8s.; Mrs. Duncan of Mill O'Downie, 1s.; Mr. B. Mitchell (Bradford), 1s.; In His Name, 5s.; W. M., 5s.; W. Moore Pyrland, 3s.; E. D. (Dowlais), £1; E. P. T., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Tutte, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. E. Rutherford (Wearhead), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Holdom (Cromer), 4s.; Mrs. A. Parnell (Bristol), 2s.; Mrs. Watts (Sandiacre), 1s.; M. Johnson (Darlington), 2s.; Mrs. O. Granger (Totnes), 1s.; A. Williams (Llanwrda), 5s.; W. Atherton (Southport), 10s.; Sticker, 2s. 6d.; ? 2s. 4d.; R. Storey, 1s.; L. Broad (Ivybridge), 10s.; W. S., 5s.; C. R. H. (Edinburgh), 1s.; Widow's Mite, 2s.; Joey, 2s.; A. Timpson (Watford), 2s. 6d.; H. Pickett (Salisbury), 2s. 6d.; M. C. One Ninth, 2s. 9d.; H. N. and S.19, 1s.; E. Quinion (Watford), 5s.; B. L. (Shanklin), 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 2s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Crossword Corner

Your Mental Tonic



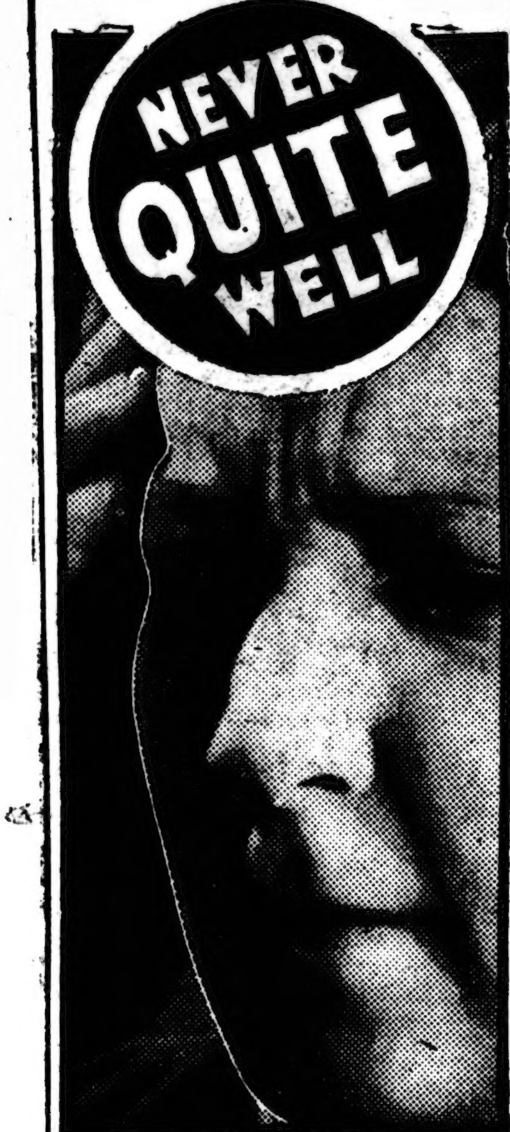
CLUES ACROSS

1. End.
6. Gently.
11. Parched.
12. English sea-port.
13. A sucker.
15. Fruit.
17. To discolour.
19. To drive back.
21. By.
22. A borough.
23. Iron bar.
24. To navigate.
25. Insignificant objects.
26. To broaden.
27. Soiled.
28. Rough.
30. Furious.
32. Invested.
34. Sweetheart.
38. Style.
40. To decrease.
42. Repeat.
44. A sore.
46. Animal's skin.
47. Bitter medicine.
48. Assisted.
49. Blood.
50. Metallic vessel.
51. Poisonous snake.
52. Brutal.
53. To mean.
55. Full of fissures.
57. Of more years.
58. Similar.
59. Classed.
60. One who has gained a decoration.

CLUES DOWN

1. Reliant.
2. Morning.
3. A metal.
4. Nothing.
5. Loved.
6. Sane.
7. Famous cricket-ground.
8. Flat country.
9. To ensnare.
10. Once every twelve months.
13. Timber cutter.
14. Not at any time.
16. To whinny.
18. Rent.
20. Pertaining to punishment.
23. A material.
24. Having edges.
26. An electrical unit.
27. Submarine worker.
29. Fashion.
31. Pestered.
33. Ancient Celtic priest.
35. Reddish.
36. Forsaken.
37. Criminal.
39. Senior.
41. Heal.
42. A sword.
43. Downy substance.
45. Cherry colour.
48. Totalled.
49. Porridge.
51. S. American mountain range.
52. Stupor.
54. Largest deer.
56. Insane.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on p.32



Whatever your lot in life may be—however hard—it will be easier if you are well. Many people could be described as *only-just* well, and so they *only-just* manage to drag through. It is wonderful what a difference a good digestion, strong nerves and pure blood make to life.

nerves affect digestion

Modern rush and devitalized foods soon bring ragged nerves and an impaired digestion and the one aggravates the other. So it is that more and more people are discovering the wonderful strength-building qualities of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The twelve ingredients of Dr. Cassell's—comprising Hypophosphites, Digestive Enzymes, Stomachics and Blood Nutrients—are a very unique form of nerve, blood and digestive nourishment, found to be remarkably successful in cases of Neurasthenia, Chronic Dyspepsia, Anaemia, Insomnia and Nervous Breakdown, when other treatments have failed.

Start a course to-day.

Dr. Cassell's TABLETS

1/3 & 3/- PER BOX.
A VENO PRODUCT

NEVER write to JOHN BULL

asking about the standing of any firm advertising in its columns. It is unnecessary, for JOHN BULL fully investigates the bona fides of all its advertisers, and also satisfies itself that readers will receive value for money. The Guarantee on page 36 is your safeguard against disappointment.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in JOHN BULL week by week. If you are a bargain-hunter make a study of the special offers in the "Mail Order Market" on page 4.

Do not overlook the fact that there is even a Guarantee relating to announcements of medicinal and toilet preparations and other things capable of a laboratory test. JOHN BULL is the only paper which protects its readers against harmful products of this kind.

In sending to JOHN BULL advertisers your money is safe, your health is safe, and you are certain of receiving satisfaction always, but if you have cause for complaint then write to us and we will put the matter right.

PHILIP EMANUEL,
ADVERTISEMENT DIRECTOR,
ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
57-59, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

A £12,000 Competition

The proprietors of "232" Flannels will send full details of this novel Competition to readers forwarding the Coupon appearing in their advertisement on page 33. Be sure to mention Dept. B.J. 30.

JOHN BULL OFFERS YOU A 2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL FREE

The "John Bull" Pen worth 15/- and a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil Free! Total value 17/6. Send six coupons and p.o. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, and save 13/6. Cash the Coupons!

Your name engraved in gold on the pen—6d.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 8d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheques/p.o.s "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BRITISH MUSEUM 18 JUL 28

BIG "BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZES!

£24 £23 £20 £19 £18 £14 £13 £12 £8 £7

£50

£300
FIRST PRIZE

£25

£22 £21 £17 £16 £15 £11 £10 £9 £6 £5

[illegible]

ONE WEEK ONLY—PRIZES POSTED JULY 24TH

[illegible]

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 679.

FIRST PRIZE OF £400:

Mr. A. H. JONES,
The Poplars, Rowley Grove, Stafford.
Example:—IS BABY A BLESSING?
Bullet:—PROBLEM—MOTHER'S "WORKING OUT."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. E. THOMPSON, 18, [illegible], [illegible].
Example:—WHEN YOUNG
Bullet:—UNWORRIED—WHEN UNWORRIED, YOUNG.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

[illegible], High Street, [illegible].
Example:—[illegible]
Bullet:—"[illegible]"—DON'T "[illegible] YOURSELF."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

E. W. BATCHELOR, 186, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.
GETTING RICH QUICKLY—"PLANT" GROWING, NOT "GRASS."

E. H. [illegible], 11, Grove Road, Basingstoke.
HOLDING UP THE TRAFFIC—POLICE—"WAVING CHUMS ON."

R. HAWORTH, c/o 109, Geoffrey Street, Chorley, Lancs.
"GOING TO HAVE ONE?"—REPLACING "BRING THE JANE!"

J. W. JOHNSON, 105, Gainsborough Road, Crewe.
IS IT BRITISH?—LIBERTY With THE SUBJECT.

H. KEVILLE, Hidden Park Road, Tonbridge, Kent.
HOLDING UP THE TRAFFIC—OF INDUSTRY, POLITICAL "SITTERS."

H. PARR, 15, Army Street, Clapham, S.W.
DEVIL'S WORK—ADVERTISEMENT SAID "AERIAL PAGEANT."

A. G. PHILLIPS, 46, Chatsworth Gardens, Acton, W.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH BALDWIN?—CLIMBED—LOST NERVE—CLINGING.
—(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. RICHMOND, 16, Coronation Terrace, Truro.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH BALDWIN?—HE STICKS TO Promising.

Mrs. M. ROMANS, Hollow Cottage, Elmore.
GETTING RICH QUICKLY—HE'LL SOON BE HONEST!

T. E. WOOD, 13, Piccadilly, Manchester.
OUR DOCTORS—"ROADSIDE" SUPERSEDING "BEDSIDE MANNER."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. ABBOTT, 12, Arthur Street, Penrith Cumb'l'd.
DEVIL'S WORK—EMPTIED CHAIRS—EMPTYING CRADLES.

J. BIRD, The Forge, South Bridge Street, Shefford.
PENSIONS MINISTRY—"MISER" THAT *Wastes* MONEY.

C. BLAKELOCK, 12, Thomas Street, Shipley, Yorks.
THE FINISHING TOUCH—BABY'S TOILET—MOTHER'S KISS.

E. BROWN, 14, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH BALDWIN?—*Wisp* OF A *Will*.

R. COLE, Coastguard Station, Gorran Haven, Cornwall.
LADY WITNESS—*Pleased* TO *Try* EVERYBODY.

Mrs. ELFORD, 6, South Street, Lymington, Hants.
LADY WITNESS—*Judge* FINISHED IN HYSTERICS.

R. ENOCK, 2, Westfield Terrace, Loftus, Yorks.
LIKE A FLOWER—ON TWO "STALKS," FLAPPER.

Mrs. HARROD, 27, Sutherland Road, Chiswick, W.
NEEDS A SUBSIDY—MINERS' WAGES—FROM OWNERS.

(Continued on page 4.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 681.

ARE WE RUINED?
A PROBLEM
IN BRITAIN TO-DAY
TASTING SUCCESS
OUTSIDE THE HOUSE
DISASTROUS
BRIGHTER
BY THE YARD
NEARLY
PAYING PROPOSITION
SAND CASTLES
SPOTTING THE WINNER
FOOLS
IF BABY GETS VOTE
NO HARDSHIP
TOO MANY POLICEMEN
OUR PLEASURES
MAN OF HIS WORD
IN PRIVATE LIFE
VITAL
HONK! HONK!
WHEN FATHER LOSES
CHAMPAGNE
ONE NEVER KNOWS
POISONED
BREAKING THE MONOTONY
HOLIDAY FEVER
THE CHEAPEST
COWARDLY
WE WONDER WHO
IF I HAD MY WAY
WHAT IS A GARDEN?

ADDRESS COUPONS:—
"Bullets" No. 681, "John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. The following *Bullets* won the biggest prizes last week.

Example: TALKING ABOUT HOLIDAYS — *Bullet*: POLITICIANS—WHERE'S *England* GOING?
Example: TRUE PHILOSOPHY — *Bullet*: EVEN *Bad* TIME FLIES.
Example: JOHN CITIZEN — *Bullet*: WESTMINSTER "SESSIONS" HIS "TRIALS."

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(681) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(681) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(681) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(681) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

MORE HOLIDAY PRIZES NEXT WEEK

60 TABLETS
ASPRO
REG. TRADE MARK
60 Tablets
MADE IN
MADE IN ENGLAND

SPECIAL OFFER TO REGULAR 'ASPRO' USERS

60 Tablets for 2/6

As a result of persistent enquiry from regular users of 'ASPRO' who wish to purchase larger quantities of tablets provided some concession can be made, we have pleasure in announcing a new pack in the form of 60 TABLETS FOR 2/6. This packing is now on the market and can be obtained from all leading chemists throughout the United Kingdom. It will be seen that by purchasing a 2/6 size a saving of 6d. can be effected. For regular users this will be a very real advantage.

14 FACTS About 'ASPRO' Which Public Demonstration Confirms.

1. It stops violent headaches in five to ten minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in five minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tube, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

HOW 'ASPRO' ACTS

The action of 'ASPRO' is a soothing one. It does not harm the heart. It creates no nausea. Neither does it create any craving. It can be taken by all from child to parent, anywhere and everywhere. There is no need now to take dangerous drugs, for 'ASPRO' does quickly and effectively and without harmful after-effects that which dangerous drugs have claimed to do but did not do. Why not give 'ASPRO' a trial to-day?

WHAT PEOPLE SAY
Read these letters—

A FAMILY REPORT

75 Belgrave Street, Stepney, E.1.
April 19th, 1928.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write to let you know how thankful my family and myself are to 'ASPRO.' They are all that you advertise them to be, as they have given us instant relief from Rheumatism, headaches, and violent colds, and I would not be without them even if they were half-a-crown a box instead of a modest sixpence.

I write on behalf of my family and myself, as we are all so indebted to 'ASPRO' for the good they have done us all. For curing headaches, colds and neuralgia they are unequalled, and we call them our family physician.

We are, Yours gratefully,
MR. & MRS. DEVERELL & FAMILY.

SAVED POUNDS BY 'ASPRO'

26/4/28. 31 Paul Street, West Ham, E.15.

Dear Sirs,—As a grateful user of your marvellous 'ASPRO' I wish to write and let you know what I think of them.

My work is out in the open in all weathers and you know the risk one runs, yet, all through this I have had 'ASPRO' handy and there were times (that only by using them on the spot) I would have had to leave my work. I estimate that I have saved pounds (thanks to 'ASPRO') by being able to carry on my work.

Again I beg to thank you for the great benefits received, and wish 'ASPRO' great success.

Yours truly,
(Signed) FREDK. ABSON.

6D
1/3
2/6
PER PACKET

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, Bucks. *Telephone: SLOUGH 608*

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

Next Sunday!

Wizard of Racing reveals Turf Secrets.

Next Sunday in "The People," Mr. Jack Fallon, popularly known as "The Wizard of Netheravon," will reveal secrets of the turf never before published.

The wonderful coups which he brought off in 1903 and 1904 when he twice won the Cambridgeshire with the Irish filly, Hackler's Pride; the Jubilee twice with the selling plater Ypsilanti; the Lincolnshire Handicap with Uninsured, and numerous other important races are still the wonder of the racing world.

Mr. Fallon has come in contact with most of the celebrated personalities of the turf since the early eighties, and the stories he relates about them are rich in humour and punctuated with true Irish wit.

Next Sunday he relates how Hackler's Pride broke all records and made a huge fortune for her connections.

Every true sportsman will wish to read this exclusive and absorbing series. To prevent disappointment, order a copy of next Sunday's "People" from your newsagent to-day.

The People

EXCLUSIVE

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